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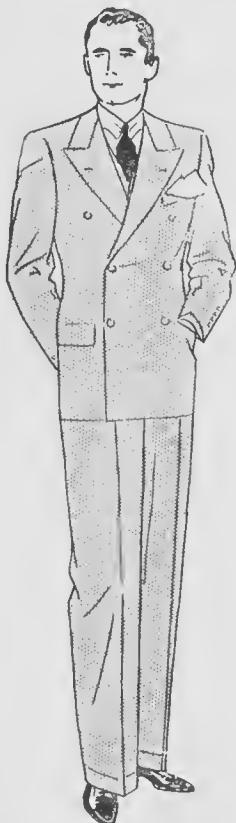
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- C.—OBJECTIVE TESTS for the Alberta Curriculum prepared by Inspector Bremner, M.A., C. B. Willis, M.A. D. Paed., Lucy A. Bagnall, B. Educ., J. D. Ferguson, M.A.

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MACKIE BLOCK

236a—8th Avenue West - Calgary, Alta.

Editorial

WHEN God writes Opportunity on one side of the door, He writes Responsibility on the other."

This is our year of opportunity. Some of us may realize that—most of us don't. Probably never again in our lives shall we be at liberty to enjoy such privileges.

When we close the door on this year the word on the other side will be written in letters which we shall not be able to ignore. That word will stand before us as stern, stark reality—Responsibility. We as teachers must realize what our profession means, not only to ourselves, but to those for whose training we shall be responsible. We must realize that, whether we will it or not, the youth of our province are looking to us and will follow our lead. Will we seriously and cheerfully accept the fact that we are our brother's keeper, responsible to a degree which we cannot estimate in the moulding of his ideas, ideals, and dreams?

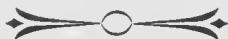
And yet we as teachers must not allow ourselves to become so weighed down by the realization of this responsibility that we allow ourselves to forget our own dreams and visions. It is so easy to fall into a rut, so easy to allow one's life to become hum-drum and drab. In our old C.G.I.T. days we used to say, "To the worker who can dream, to the dreamer who can work, shall come great things." May we as teachers remember this—if we allow ourselves to dream as well as work, if we realize the opportunity creeping out from among our responsibilities, our lives will be greater, and richer, and wider. Our doors will be double doors with one word written on each, which, when thrown open, will lead to life enriched and enhanced with the possibilities of greater happiness through service.

THE EDITOR.

F. E. Osborne
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"LEST WE FORGET"—by our Principal

This is a year of testing. Ugh! The very word makes you squirm. The schoolmasters' eternal cudgel, bolstering up the weakness of his personality, of his presentation or of his persuasiveness. A test is a diabolical device for finding out what one doesn't know, a mediaeval method of extracting the mental content in a different form and by a different channel from that by which the mind received it. Why pick on this particular year of grace as peculiarly favorable to these pedagogical pests?

But there are tests within and tests without; tests imposed by the arbitrary will of the Inquisitor, tests determined by economic strain and stress, tests inherent in the course undertaken. The only way to escape tests is to undertake nothing, but just to wait until a lucky wave lands one high and dry on a sunny beach. The form of test we have in mind just now is that presented by the stern law of supply and demand. How dearly are teachers wanted this year? How does public school service measure up with the other necessities of civilized life? Can we expect a high quality of school work to be appreciated, or shall we offer less than No. 1 as more suited to the times and the purses?

If ever there was a time when nothing but the very best would suffice, when nothing short of the highest fidelity to the best ideals of service would save the profession from losing ground in the eyes of the public, it is now. Many are saying that a year at Normal and a year or two at school teaching are but comfortable shelters until the industrial sun shine more benignly. Increased numbers arouse suspicion of inferior quality and less intense purpose; we shall get along as best we can until only those who are truly "called" seek to enter the brother,—or perhaps more accurately, sister-hood. In the face, then, of this suspicion, we need to measure up and show the school patron that the school is no opportunist institution, but rather an active force in the breach threatened by the pressure of hard times. Temporary disappointment, there must be, to some extent; survival of the fittest may not be immediately effective; pull and luck may defeat, for the moment, push and pluck; but ultimately the true coin will displace the counterfeit and the inferior.

Moreover, the morale tends to be flabby just now, and nothing but optimistic and ungrudging service will stiffen it up. The natural resources you deal with, Alberta's children, are worth as much as ever, if not in coin of the realm, at least in the eyes of

their parents, and the more we can appeal to all that is worthwhile within, the more stoutly do we safeguard the future. But if their "idea-systems" become infected now with the virus of distrust or of indifference, generations to come may feel the effect.

Whether or not the future is in your hands, as Convention orators may blandly assure you, the present unspoiled brood of childhood and early youth are yours to impress. Seek then to be positive and forwarding, not negative and inhibiting. We can't expect spectacular advances, but we can make the best use of what we have, always searching for newer and broader meanings of the old truths.

This, then, is the test. If the teacher shrinks in diffidence before the stern necessities of the time, the school may fail and give way to some more effective discipline; but if the teacher asserts the claims of the pupil ever valid no matter what the price of wheat, the school will stand as the oft-mentioned bulwark of society. And recompense will return to its respectable place.

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From innocent pleasures and riotous play
We join in the ditty and sing in the lay.
Do your assignments as quick as you can,
It's simple, quite simple, and easy to plan;
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A system exceedingly clever,
An assignment today, an assignment next week,
For ever—and ever—and ever.

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Arithmetic, Writing (oh say, have a heart!)
School Management, Literature, Compo', P.T.,
Psychology, Music—a regular sprec!
Poetry, magazines, books by the shelf,
Nice easy assignments—be good to yourself.

An assignment today and an assignment per week—
Reviving the time-honoured hide-and-go-seek,
With surly instructors, who grumble and peck—
And think of praising you never;
But weary you on through the turbulent day,
And in dreams in the night, when you'd rest from the fray,
It's an assignment per week, an assignment per day,
For ever—and ever—and ever.

AGNES JANZ.



THE YEAR BOOK STAFF

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If you miss a shot don't Begin to Lewis your temper, or become Luco or you Maynard be able to make a good score, Irwin a prize which Haney one Wood be Gledd(ie) to have.

Foughty people may play the game at one time, Nyhof of them being ahead of you. You Mayell at the party in front if they are delaying your game, but if they don't Budge, keep your Colton. Don't shake your Duke at them or become (c)Ross. That party's look of disdain may make you feel Sehmaltz, or even feel like (e)Ryan or Howland, but Swallow your Roth.

It pays to be courteous. Do not yell, "Hay!" or "Howson will you be through?" at the people ahead. In fact don't Hagle at all and the game will be all White and it Wilson end.

If people miss an easy shot, don't laugh with sound effects. Remember, not every Remington can shoot a golf ball—it may be due to the Hunter. Any girl may be insulted if Herman is laughed at, and would that be Dillon fair with her?

If you are poor at any one green and it is Balfour, take a walk to the next Green. Don't hit the ball too hard remembering that even a fly will hit a Webb sometimes. Remember, too, the game may not be simple to every Simon.

A. GORDON (IA).



THE STAFF

(Contributed by D. A. McKerricher)

(Note to the graduates of the 1930-31 class. The editor has asked for a contribution to your Year Book from the staff and about the staff. It is felt that the Year Book, which is your souvenir of Calgary Normal, should contain something to help you recall your instructors—their names and some of their distinguishing characteristics. This contribution aims to serve this purpose. It is to be read next fall, let us say, when you are scattered to the far corners of the province, or, perhaps, at a still later date, when the memories of your Normal days are growing dim; and it is to be regarded, under such circumstances, as a message broadcast to you from your old school).

Hello, teachers of the class of 1930-31, we hope your aerials are sensitive tonight because kind thoughts of you are on the air. You want to know about the old school?

Well, teachers, the show on the hill is still running—offering the same old bill and playing to capacity houses. Most of the principal actors are still with us and all of the supers and extras.

Dr. Coffin is still the stage director and chief comedian. He is the same incorrigible joker, insisting still on his joke, alike when it is good and when it is not so good. His geniality and good nature show no signs of abating, and he continues to create the atmosphere of good will and good fellowship in which the work and fun of our school are carried on. It is not enough to say that Dr. Coffin is still our leading actor. Indeed, we may say that he is to Calgary Normal what the Prince of Denmark is to Hamlet.

Mr. Loucks' natural fire is not dimmed by the passing years. He still has the flashing eye and clarion voice. He still loves to read, and, fitted by nature for the reader's part, he continues to offer moving vocal interpretations of the masters—sometimes more moved, perhaps, than moving. With the instinct of the

true educator he insists on reasons; and it is believed by some of his present students that the neurones of the Grammar part of his brain have taken on a permanent set and that they form the word "Why."

Mr. Hutton, essentially a light comedian, essays the role of heavy tragedy. He still plucks everybody in Penmanship during the Fall and Spring terms and passes everybody in June—almost everybody. He keeps on telling funny stories about former students and accumulating new ones for future use. Lessons always seem easy to him, and his facility with pen and crayon continues to be the admiration and despair of all beholders.

Miss Fisher, dear little Miss Fisher, is the same patient person as of old. She continues to be the chief reason why boys like Normal. She still plays games with her "Gurrls" and she is still quite serious about spelling. Her record for imperturbability and kindness remains unbroken and unbreakable.

Madame Ellis-Browne has not lost her belief that music is important and that it can be taught to everybody. She pursues the luckless ones who have no affinity for tones and semi-tones and such matter that must remain forever impossible to all save the few who are the elect. These few she takes to her heart and rejoices in; the others she mourns over and refuses to be comforted.

Mr. Hay continues to be a student of the history, science and art of education. His determination to be abreast of the time is unwavering. Can fix any fellow practitioner in pedagogy as pre-Pestalozzian, post-Herbartian or what. Has a horror of being dated himself any earlier than Mrs. Ensor. Distrustful of the current practice he keeps on reaching out for the new in education, but like all aspiring souls he never quite reaches the goal. He still believes in liberty and his faith, too, in youth, despite much to shatter it, remains unimpaired.

Mr. McCalla entertains the students with fewer pictures than formerly. He has reached the conclusion that pictures are good as pictures but that they are no substitute for actual field work or for careful instruction. As of old he is much abroad, and he is a great hunter, but he hunts with a camera. He still

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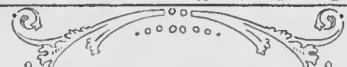
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JOHN W. BARNETT, General Secretary

aims to interest the youth in the beauties of nature, and to this end he continues to gather in collections of bugs in various stages of disintegration and decay. He is still a lover of nature and his affection, growing by what it feeds on, has now become a master passion.

Mr Sheane persists in a severe regimen of dieting and physical work, but no results are perceptible. He continues to be the victim of his own virtues. Good nature and good humor have their price. He keeps up his tests on the fundamental processes and the findings continue disappointing but not disturbing.

Miss Dyde is still the interpreter of the deep and subtle things in literature and getting deeper and more subtle as the years pass by. To the knowing ones she is, increasingly, a source of inspiration and joy, leading them pleasantly along the highways and by-ways of literary appreciation and the gentle art of the pedagogy thereof. Herein she continues, growing more and more exacting of herself, aiming always at higher and still higher levels of workmanship.

Dr. Sansom is now regarded as one of the twelve men of the world who understand the Einstein theory. He thinks much and deeply and is the "Melancholy Jacques" of the troupe. The jargon of educational statistics is his vernacular and he reads John Dewey for pleasure. As a lubricant to a highly geared mental equipment he employs, in the manner of Einstein, the music of the violin, and it is his wont, on occasion, to indulge himself in the small hours of the night with, what he considers, the concord of sweet sounds. We who have greatly suffered greatly forgive.

Mr. Scott keeps on astonishing his classes with the extent and range of his knowledge. In the teaching of geography he scorns the encyclopedic method, but he has himself the encyclopedic mind and retains with equal ease masses of organized knowledge or bits of information, important or unimportant, personal or impersonal. And in the matter of practice teaching he is still the man with authority, saying to this student-teacher, "Come to the Normal Practice School," and he comes;

and to that student-teacher, "Go to the Riverside Bungalow," and he goes.

Mr. McKerriher, the person assigned to the role of history, continues to hold a place in the cast. He still wrinkles his brow, still plucks at his watch chain and mumbles away in an undertone about something nobody considers important and nobody is interested in. You may not believe it, but he really aims to help. Optamus Juvare, the motto of the school, he yearly resolves to adopt as his own.

Miss Mitchell maintains her motherly care over the girls, and still talks about, and gives copious notes on, enzymes and vitamins and other unintelligible things.

Miss Currie has not forgotten how to combine affability with strictness in the management of the library. Better than ever she knows where the reference material is and how to help students to find it, but with her, as of old, a friendly welcome does not mean an invitation to stay and be noisy. On the contrary.

Miss Giles, the secretary, is as efficient as ever. She keeps the staff and the office records in order, and, in general, keeps the machinery in good working condition.

Mrs. Vyse, the assistant secretary, is still with us, working away in her unobtrusive but pleasant and effective manner.

Sgt. Sutherland is still altogether too good looking to be entrusted with the training of young ladies at an impressionable age. Evidences of this fact continue to be observed by people who observe things and by such folks the Sergeant is heard, at times, humming to himself this well-known ditty:

"When I go out to promenade, I look so fine and gay,

I have to take my dog along to keep the girls away."

Teachers of the class of 1930-31 who are listening in, such is the cast of the Normal players as you remember us. Ladies and gentlemen, the whole Company are now at the front of the stage for the last curtain call—principals, heroes, heroines, clowns, villains, et al. We bow in our friendliest manner and bid you all a kind good night. CNS now signing off.

ON NORMAL SCHOOL

The vagueness of the title may be a presentiment of what follows. But at least, it gives so wide a scope as to forestall the accusations of discursiveness. This is merely a candid statement of what the writer thinks of Normal School as education in the broadest sense. And, Elam-like, I do not care to recognize the orthodox limitations of the best essay usages.

Sated with High School's fact knowledge, I first looked for contrasts between Normal School and the carking cares just over and I found many. Here the objective of learning and the justification of assignments are made equally apparent. Before, the mere existence of a course on the Programme of Studies was the only motivation we had. We took binomial theorem and all the irregular verbs to finish the more quickly as the complete and final products of those Punch-and-Judy factories, our High Schools. How different now. The use of everything, however humbling it may seem, is made reasonable by our patient Instructors. "May their tribe increase!"

And again, in discipline the difference is apparent. Imposed restrictions have given place to a code of self-control, subject to a super control, a control intangible enough to bear every semblance to perfect freedom. Not only is this system much the preferable but it has been undoubtedly successful and I attribute this success largely to our Principal—witty yet earnest, kindly yet vigilant, scholarly yet magnetic. He makes us want to do the thing we ought to do.

The last of the important contrasts is the "Dutch Uncle" custom here. I mean the relegation of each of us to be the especial interest of one particular Instructor, whom we are at liberty to burden with our maladjustments, failings, transgressions and so on. I think this humanizes any school, a humanizing so sadly lacking in high school. It gives a kinship between Instructor and student that helps one to "scorn delights and live laborious days" in the struggle towards pedagogical perfection.

Parenthetically, I have not intended any undue criticism of our high school teachers. The shortcomings are perhaps due to causes beyond their control.

But to go on, Normal School is in itself unique among educational institutions. It not only gives us a profession (the utilitarian in education) but it means liberal development (the cultural in education) and is therefore a golden mean between

two extremes. In no other school may a student receive specialized training with mental enrichment, not even at University. And so we are led back to Normal School as the source of every good and perfect gift.

Now supposing we were not going to teach; I still extol Normal training. Some of its uses are obvious. The successful have a means of living and these are times of uncertainty. But this is mercenary. I can see definite value in every course here. Our interest in and understanding of human nature (with which we must deal in whatever walk of life) are quickened and developed by Psychology and Practice Teaching. The present is explained and made meaningful by History, Geography and History of Education. A method of studying and appreciating Literature, as well as one of teaching it, is given by our English. Our "awareness" is heightened by Natural History. Health is made vital by Hygiene and Physical Education. Even that depressing trivium of Art, Penmanship and Music are educative humiliations. Lastly, Primary Methods should make us the better parents, if ever, in dealing with the child—"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie thy soul's immensity." All this I believe Normal to be, culturally.

I suppose it would be rather strange if I thought the system perfect. But I have only one criticism. The virtues of Normal training would be immeasurable if the course were two years instead of one. Forgetting the financial objections, it would have many advantages. Paramount among these would be the effect upon those contemplating entering Normal. They would probably regard school teaching not as a means to an end (as so many do now) but as an end in itself, as a worthy career. These two years would impress the laity as serious preparation for serious work; not as the one year impresses now—short training for a remunerative position of about a year's duration and then Law, Medicine, or something else.

Then, only too often, I have heard an Instructor say, "But we haven't the time. You should look into it however." And this usually comes at a most interesting time. Not that I want all my education by the spoon but I do wish there were time to get more of the subjects I especially like.

In conclusion, I offer no summary, but only repeat these are as nearly unprejudiced opinions as I can write. I don't regret coming to Normal School.

MARK McClung.

NORMAL NONSENSE



We simply can't resist the temptation to stop and talk to them



Try and get





STUDENTS' COUNCIL

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Honorary President	Dr. E. W. Coffin.
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Vice-President	Harold Russell.
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IB—Dorothy Jorgens.
IC—Betty Webb.
IIA—Angus Cochran.
IIB—Leonard Shields.
IIC—Bernice MacFarlane.
IID—Shiela Walters.
IIE—Hilda Coombs.
IIF—Teresa Sutton.
IIG—Hazel Liddle.

SECOND TERM

Aylmer Ryan.
Helen Hagle.
Gay Ross.
Pat Gale.
Harry Tobin.
Josephine Dinkel.
Eleanor Walters.
Jessie Ferguson.
Leta Roe.
Hazel Liddle.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR FIRST TERM PRESIDENT

I am indebted to the Year Book Committee for the opportunity which they have given me of thanking the Student Body for the co-operation and assistance which they gave to the Students' Council during the first term.

Immediately the elections were over, the Council settled down to work and as a result, Debating, Dramatic, Hockey, Basketball Clubs, and other school activities, got under way. The executives of all societies worked enthusiastically and well in carrying out the various activities. There were no clashes and all joined together harmoniously to further the interests of the Student Body.

Nor should we forget the help and guidance which was given by members of the Staff, and especially that of Mr. Loucks who acted as Staff Representative and greatly increased the efficiency of the Council.

Let me again on behalf of the First Term Council thank the entire school and staff for the manner in which they responded to our requests for assistance.

JACK W. JAMES (President, First Term).

THE FIRST SOCIAL

This began the real social activities of the school. The guests were received by Dr. Coffin, Miss Fisher, Miss McDougall and Mr. James.

The proceedings opened with a Treasure Hunt, in which the building was ransacked by the eager searchers.

After this the evening was devoted to card playing in the Staff Room, and dancing in the Assembly Hall. The latter was decorated with black and orange streamers, while upon the wall, black cats and witches crawled or flitted to and fro. During the dance, hats and noise-makers were given to the dancing couples, who immediately engaged in a competition with the orchestra.

Supper was served in the cafeteria and at eleven-thirty the guests dispersed.





DRAMATICS

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

One of the best supported student activities has been the Dramatic Club of this year. Due to the experienced advice and untiring devotion of Miss Dyde and Miss Fisher, the Club has covered a fairly representative group of modern plays. Starting in England with Eden Philpotts' "The Farmer's Wife," the reading has gone to Ireland with Yeats' "Land of Heart's Desire" and "Riders to the Sea" by Synge and then "You Never Can Tell" by G. B. Shaw. Because of many interruptions, the meetings have been irregular but from Easter to June promises to be a period of definite achievement for the dramatic devotees.

The major undertaking of the Club, however, was the presentation of "A Doll's House," by Ibsen, on March 25th. Here again we must express our gratitude to Miss Fisher and Miss Dyde for the generous giving of their time and ability in coaching the players and supervising the presentation.

The cast was as follows:

Torvald Helmer.....	Harold Russell
Nora Helmer.....	Mary Clifford
Dr. Rank.....	Fred Glover
Mrs. Linden.....	Jane Stockton
Nils Krogstad	Melville Davidson
Anna.....	Leta Roe
Ellen.....	Ethel Burns

Although Ibsen is always difficult to present, each of the cast gave an excellent interpretation of his part. The character of Nora, undoubtedly the most exacting in its requirements, was well taken by Miss Clifford, who showed how thoroughly she knew the capricious and fitful Nora. Torvald Helmer was revealed in all his excessive affection and blindness to reality by Mr. Russell. Mr. Glover portrayed Dr. Rank very effectively, especially in the intimate scenes between him and Nora. The part of the stolid and capable Mrs. Linden was sympathetically interpreted by Miss Stockton and Krogstad was made to appear a calculating and menacing villain by Mr. Davidson. The success of the players in maintaining the atmosphere of impending disaster was entirely commendable.

M. McC.



SECOND TERM SOCIAL

On March 13, following two basketball games, the Normal students held their second term social. The guests were received by Miss Dyde, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Miss Ellis and Mr. MacPherson.

In the Assembly Hall, fittingly decorated with green and white streamers and colored balloons, the Tech. orchestra supplied the music for those who wished to dance. Tables were arranged upstairs and in the rotunda for those students who preferred to play cards.

Members of the visiting basketball team were the guests of the students and the evening was pronounced to be a decided success.

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BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IA

PETER ANDERSEN—Standard.—Fair, tall and studious. His nose turns up but he is not a snob. Shy of girls but loves reciting for Miss Fisher.

CAMPBELL ATCHESON—Cayley.—A tall, gentle-man. Is expert at tossing his hair out of his eyes without dislocating his neck. Fond of figures—shapely ones.

GUY AUSTIN—Calgary.—Once walked to Belfast for a week to achieve his ambition of becoming a Grade I teacher. No relation to the "Baby." Prominent feature—his nose.

JOHN BERG—Lacombe.—Short, fair and youthful—occupies a front seat and is much (ab)used by Dr. Coffin during the Psychology periods.

EJLER CASTELLA—Standard.—Another one of 1A's quiet, self-effacing men. Is still overcoming the handicap of having been among the Lost Tribes of Israel in the IIA.

TRACY CHRISTIANSON—Macleod.—Above the average in height and weight but his reticent manner and excellent behaviour keep him out of the public eye.

"MEL" DAVIDSON—Calgary.—Has an aggressive appearance but a most happy-go-lucky manner. He has a smile for everybody, including Mr. Loueks, and is always ready to assist in any school activities. His special interests are Debating and Drama.

GEORGE DAWSON—Irvine.—A fair-haired son of the south—usually silent but occasionally eloquent. Known to the outside world as a marksman with the rifle.

HENRY DUKE—Canmore.—Dark in appearance and secretive in manner. His favorite activity is helping Oviatt to trail a couple of Second Class girls.

JAMES FITZPATRICK—Drumheller.—One of the shorter members of the class—conceals a serious mind beneath a sunny smile. Favorite saying, "Say Doris, let's take in the Teeh. Danee!"

WYNN FOSTER—Medicine Hat.—Tall, slim and dark. We suspect he is more active at night than in the day, in fact he must be. Scores for the basketball club.

"FROSTY" FROST—Calgary.—A wiry little fellow, well known among basketball and hockey fans. He delights in teasing "Papa" between periods. Is an authority on how to act on "out of town" trips.

RULON GIBB—Magrath.—A typical Normal student. Plays basketball, hovers round the girls' corridors between periods, and blushes when Miss Fisher asks him to recite a nursery rhyme.

FRED GLOVER—Calgary.—He is the dark man that fortune tellers tell girls to beware of. Takes the Normal course seriously, never being late with assignments. Is vice-president for the second term and is taking a leading part in the "Play."

ARTHUR GODDARD—Calgary.—Short but sturdy—has a fiery manner of delivering a speech, terrorizing the front row. Saves time, energy, and money by coming to school on a bicycle plus a strong grip on a street car.

ALBERT GORDON, A.B.—San Francisco, California.—"Papa"—One of the largest exports from this town during recent years. Provides a vast amount of amusement for "Frosty." According to his own words, the best bridge player in Normal bar R. Turner, and the greatest literary genius since Shakespeare bar no one. Voted by all the best good sport in Normal.

DONALD GREEN—Hanna.—A rather reticent, hair-haired studious lad. Has to yell at the top of his voice in order to stimulate the instructors' ears to action.

WALLACE HARPER—Medicine Hat.—The 1A midget. Not so fierce as he looks except when teaching P.T.—A promising debater.

CHARLIE HARRISON—Calgary.—Predominantly athletic, ruggedly intellectual, possessing no faults not transcended by his virtues; is strong and manly in appearance and likeable and friendly in manner.

GILBERT HIRST—Calgary.—He is the Gilbert Hirst of Rifle Range fame. His frail form may not bring him success in the athletic world but his critical mind and derogatory utterances will earn him many enemies and so ensure success.



BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IA

CECIL HOLMES—Calgary.—His athletic superiority is portrayed in his rugged features. He is the strong man of the class preferring pounding the ribs of his fellow students to filling their ears with educational orations.

OTTO JENSEN—Carmangay.—A dark, sleek looking young man with a propensity for dancing and other methods of getting his arms around one of the other sex. Plays basketball.

ALEX. KINDSFATHER—Calgary.—Obviously Teutonic, naturally sympathetic and occasionally energetic. Has hopes of teaching the instructors how to pronounce his name.

JOHN KROPINAK—Tod Creek.—Short and fair with straying hair. He is inclined to be artistic but cannot learn to draw the sarcastic word pictures portrayed by our instructor in that subject.

SABO R. LANTINGA—Macleod.—Has fair hair and a ruddy complexion. Is interested in basketball and volley ball as antidotes for the work he meant to do.

JOHN LEWIS—Medicine Hat.—Known as "Honest John." We suggest that he give a party for his shoes and invite his trousers down to meet them.

JOE LUCO—Lethbridge.—A swarthy lad of medium height who is interested in basketball and other sports but does not let them interfere with his work. His permanently furrowed brow is the result of trying to follow Mr. Loucks through the Course of Studies.

SID. MAGRATH—Calgary.—"Money is your snit." His ability and the confidence placed in him by the student body is shown by the responsible office to which he was unanimously elected—that of Treasurer for the Students' Association. Pleasant and likeable, with brains "payable on demand"—we predict for him a prosperous and successful career.

EARL MAYNARD—Drumheller.—A happy-looking but seriously-minded lad with a wavy mass of fair hair which is much admired by the 1B girls, especially Miss R He is keenly interested in sport and especially proficient at hockey.

PHILIP MILLER—Calgary.—"I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my mouth
Let no dog bark."

He is famous for his ability to supplement the Doctor's remarks in Psychology, and sit in an ordinary desk with his chin resting on his knees. Has been characterized by Mr. Loueks as "No gentleman!"

MARK McCLUNG—Calgary.—In spite of ponderous brow and fragile frame, Mark positively revels in physical training. His habitual boredom is occasionally routed by an elfish smile. Indoor pastimes with Mark include effortless oratory, gentle cynicism, and assistance to literary spheres within the school. To him is the credit of organizing the first-term programmes. He is amazingly popular, but his extensive vocabulary at times prevents close harmony with our lesser intellects.

LLOYD McDONALD—Medicine Hat.—"Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know." Six feet of typical Scotsman. His amusing minutes have made him one of the most popular students and caused him to be unanimously given a second term as Secretary to the Students' Association.

MURRAY MacLEAN—Calgary.—Physically Murray is below average but his well-shaped skull does more than support a mop of dark brown hair. His abilities have not been unnoticed; he is president of his class and sub-editor of the year book.

STIRLING McLEOD—Calgary.—His actions do not belie his pugnacious appearance—scraps with Oviatt between periods. He suffers considerably from the fact that to Madame Ellis-Browne IA and McLeod are synonymous terms.

DELMER OVIATT—Stavely.—Used to be care-free and sociable but the influence of certain Second Class girls has made him a spiek and span dandy with his jet black hair neatly parted in the middle and carefully brushed back, and his round face cleaned till it glows from the back of the classroom like a full moon breaking out from a thunder clouded sky.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IA

CLARENCE PACY—Orion.—What's in a name? It's hard to say, but you can tell Clarence by his "Clareneeness." This cannot be defined but it includes his grin, his nervous wriggle, and his "Well, I . . ." He may be found at the Debating Society meetings on Fridays.

DWIGHT POWELL—Calgary.—May be distinguished from his fellows by his rather short figure, deep voice and dark straying hair. If seen alone he is fulfilling one of his obligations as secretary-treasurer for the class, viz., collecting money.

RAYMOND PURKIS—Calgary.—He has a rather peculiarly pitched voice which suggests a disdainfulness which actually is not one of his faults. His elevated black hair is prominent at the Glee Club meetings, otherwise he is very quiet and agreeable.

COLIN B. ROSS—Pincher Creek.—Another who has exceeded his allotted span of inches. He appears to be quiet and reticent but he is really almost as bad as McLeod for scrapping in class. He is the man who takes the "two bits" from visitors to the basketball games.

HAROLD RUSSELL—Lethbridge.—A well-built, almost handsome lad with blue eyes and close cropped, fair, waving hair. He was Vice-President of the Students' Association during the first term and is one of the star players of the basketball team. He has other attributes among them being his even temper and good nature; his one possible fault is that he knows these things.

KENNETH RUSSELL—Lethbridge.—His interests tend towards volley ball and basketball, both boys' and girls'. Came to Normal in search of the elixir of youth but has since become disillusioned and is now a social service worker in embryo.

Chief ambition—to be censor of biographies.

AYLMER RYAN—Calgary.—We shall remember him as the charming heroine in the 1A play. He is socially popular and conscientiously studious. His characteristic tendency is toward cynical humor which generally takes the form of caricatures of instructors or other students.

CARL SCHMALTZ—Beiseker.—His name of course stamps him as one of the blue eyed, fair haired race. A full face and rather awkward manner complete his physical characteristics. He does not push himself forward in class but he will answer intelligently when asked a question. He is well-known in sport circles by his absence.

FRANK SMITH—Calgary.—High cheekbones are his distinguishing features. His habit of pursing his lips might prove to be his vulnerable spot to some manhunting female. His special interest is Drama; he was the producer and chief character in the 1A play.

CHARLIE THOMSON—Calgary.—Also known as "Blondie." He is of average height, sturdy build and possesses a man's voice. His activities are practically confined to the scholastic side, his particular interest being Manual Arts and Nature Study. His swagger may be due to the fact that he rides a bicycle (cf. cowboy).

REGINALD I. TURNER, B.Sc., U. of Wales—Cardiff, Wales.—"He hath a lean and hungry look," perhaps because his insatiable appetite for knowledge will never be satisfied. A naive youth, he believes that if one is British he can't be wrong. His slightly apologetic air vanishes when Mr. Gordon appears. As President of the Debating Society, Reg is ever ready to support any side of any argument, especially with anti-British folk.

MAURICE WESTERN—Medicine Hat.

"And then arose Nestor,
the clear-voiced orator."—Homer,

Light auburn hair, medium height, and slight build. While being an excellent student and a keen volley ball player he is widely and chiefly known for his debating ability. His success as a debater is largely due to his convincing, emphatic style, and his clear bass voice.



ON PRACTICE TEACHING

Of all the gratifications of this year's entertainment, practice teaching stands highest (or lowest). Music classes are heaven compared with it, Physical Training is soothing, and Psychology becomes a dream within the pale of that hovering nightmare. There is about it that which makes you tremble, grow pale and have more than faint misgivings as to your place among the chosen few.

You sigh for the placidity of the Oriental. Just at that moment when you are least able to control your feelings, in walks an Instructor. For the first three or four seconds you are overwhelmed with envy of the cool, quiet countenance. Then, fiercely tearing yourself away from it, you are confronted with something far worse—the curious, mocking stare of fifty small individuals. You suffer the peculiar sensations felt by a cheese mite when the gaze of fifty-one professors with one hundred-two microscopes begin their operations. It is the frightful sensation of being dissected mentally and physically.

You get started. Your voice, like a high, disconnected note, floats quavering above your head. Frantically, you cough it down once or twice, but it is so buoyant that it will not stay there. You grope around for the chalk to demonstrate from a sentence, already neatly written on the blackboard. Your confidence is just returning when a small voice says, "Please, you've written shinning for shining in the second sentence." Without turning to erase it, you force yourself to smile blandly and say, "Ha, ha! I was wondering how long you would be before you noticed it."

You stumble on, arousing in yourself an unnatural enthusiasm in order to seem full of your subject, although you have not the remotest idea of what you are saying. Hazily, through all this turmoil, you see an arm madly waving in the air.

"Yes, Johnny, what is it? you ask in your most perky, teacherish tone.

"Please, why can't an adverb modify a noun?"

Everything goes blank. You cannot think, see or feel! Why cannot an adverb modify a noun? There seems to be no reason.

"I am sure nobody heard your question. Repeat it in a louder voice." Your tone is quite severe. The question is repeated two or three times but still you cannot think why an adverb should not modify a noun. You feel as though your brain is turning catherine wheels and somersaults—a very sickening sensation. Marshalling yourself as sternly as a general marshalls his army, you state in a sweet patient voice, "Really, Johnny, that's what I've been talking about all morning. I am afraid you have not been listening."

Here you give the rest of the class a few exercises to do, and sit down beside Johnny and whisper the explanation to him. (You do not wish to disturb the rest of the class).

At last you hear a clear, cold voice say, "That will do, thank you." With shaking knees and a thankful heart you put away the chalk and sink into your chair.

—M. C.

THE WIND

Wind, thou haggard siren
Scented with soothing rain;
Blinding our eyes with veils of dust,
Drawn from hills where clouds have lain.
Thickening the veil so we may not see
Thy twisted form and matted hair,
But only hear thy voice.

Thy sinuous form is twined
With love and hate around
Our bodies, and languidly moves on;
Trailing dusty finger tips across the mound
Where lie our buried hopes and joys,
And skillfully from hardened hearts
Woo subtle harmonies.

—LOLITA WILSON.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society was formed in November mainly for the purpose of entering a team in the Calgary Debating League contests.

Up till March the Society concentrated on this object confining its activities to choosing and giving practice to teams for these contests.

The speakers chosen were Marion Robb, Mark McClung, Maurice Western and Harry Tobin.

In the preliminary round the Normal School was opposed to The Board of Trade. Miss Robb and Mr. Western won a brilliant victory in the home debate, taking the affirmative of the subject, "Resolved that Great Britain is justified in buying dumped Soviet products." Messrs. McClung and Tobin did likewise in the second match, having the negative of the subject "Resolved that compulsory military training in the Public Schools or Colleges of Canada is desirable."

The Spokes Club defeated Miss Robb and Mr. McClung in the semi-final by one of the narrowest margins on record. The subject was, "Resolved that the farmers of Western Canada should adopt a compulsory pool as their method of marketing wheat," the Normal team supporting the resolution. This debate took place on March 6th. at the Normal School, and although our speakers lost the verdict, the debate was a personal triumph for both of them.

The Society now arranged a program for the rest of the year. A series of class debates was decided upon.

A lively interest in this programme was shown and nine classes entered teams.

So far only one of the debates has taken place. In it IIG defeated IIA on the subject, "Resolved that Chinese and Japanese immigrants should be excluded from the Dominion." The girls took the negative. If the coming debates should be as well attended as this one, then the Debating Society will claim the position of being the most successful society in the school this year.

The meetings took place on Fridays at 4:15 in room 314, the officers being: President, Mr. R. Turner; vice-president, Mr. M. Western; secretary, Miss A. Litchfield; business manager, Mr. W. Harper. Mr. M. Davidson was vice-president for the first term but was unable owing to other activities to continue in that position during the second term.

R. T.

ALUMNI NEWS

HARRIET STEWART, B.A., honor student of the First Class, '27-'28, is now teaching in Macleod.

MARGERY BOULTER, of the same class and year, is enriching young lives in a Calgary school.

MARGARET WATSON, another honor student of this year, is also teaching in Calgary, in Rideau Park School.

EUGENIE BUTLER, B.A., honor student, and her sister **EILEEN**, both of the First Class '27-'28, having taught for two years, are this winter enjoying a holiday in California.

TILLIE HOFFMAN, Second Class honor student of '28, is teaching in the Peace River country.

BETH CARSCALLEN, of the Class '29, is at U. of A.

MARGARET HUTTON, honor student of '29, is now teaching in Calgary.

NELLIE HOOPER, now teaching in the oil town, Turner Valley. Last Summer she visited Europe on a teachers' tour.

ELEANOR GALBRAITH has been at University for the past two years.

MARION DOLL, honor student of class '28, is now teaching Grade I in McDougall School.

MARGUERITE McLELLAN, U. of A. graduate, is teaching in Midnapore High School.

MARGARET HOWARTH, class '30. Another honor student who is teaching in McDougall School.

JOHN EWING, of the same year, is teaching in Upper Hillhurst School.

DORIS BINGHAM, B.A., last year honor student, is teaching in the windy city of Lethbridge (so Mr. Kennedy tells us).

LOUISE McCALLA, is teaching in the Far North at Green-court.



BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS 1B

LOUISE ADOLPH—Calgary.—Has one of those sweet faraway voices with more than a touch of dreaminess in it. One of the people who is never late for class. How does she do it? Is usually seen carrying note-books under one arm, skates under the other, and a sweater somewhere about.

JEAN BENEDICT—Hanna.—

With her winning personality
And smiling eyes of blue,
A better friend you'll never find
Than Jean so staunch and true.
Her tresses long, her dignity,
Sweet charm, and modest ways,
We'll miss indeed when she has left
This class of student days.

KATHLEEN BRAIN, B.A., University of British Columbia—Calgary.—All that the name implies. Noticeable for her reserve, expressive oral reading, and regularity of attendance at the Public Library. Query: Does she borrow thrillers or Psychology references?

FRANCES BUCHHOLZ—Redcliff.—Though Frances is just as much at home writing letters to royalty as she is telling fortunes with cards, she seems to enjoy ordinary folks and always greets us with a grin. Has a consuming ambition to teach "Art" in the highest sense of the word to the young of the province. Let us remind Frances that after all the younger generation are hardened in the ways of iniquity and spoon-feeding.

MAE CARLSON—Airdrie.—Spends her days in replying to Instructors' questions with a magnificent exactitude for which we envy her as we are "bears of very small brains," and have memories like sieves.

MARY CLARKE—Drumheller.—Used to spend her noon hours skating and filling her lungs with lots of fresh air until Miss Mitchell disillusioned her. Now she still skates but omits the expanding exercises. Is best known for her inability to sing the simple songs Madame Ellis-Browne recommends for primary grades. Her burning ambition is to own a motorcycle.

LUELLA DAVIS—Drumheller.—A quiet person except when she's talking, which she does most of the time. You may have noticed that 1B is blessed with that rare faculty, but Luella leads all the rest. At the beginning of the year we had a tendency to call her Mary Clarke, but now we know that she is the one with the big black eyes.

LILLIAN DREW—Pincher Creek.—

In 1B in the second row
We have a lively dynamo.

Labelled "the fireworks department"; anything sets her off. The Instructors' remarks fan the flames and only the bell can quench the ardor of her bubbling eloquence. We feel sure that her boundless energy and enthusiasm will carry her far (even if it is only keeping house).

JEAN ELLIS—Medicine Hat.—Demure little social chairman with the efficient ways. She lifts up her voice in song at Glee Club, 1B programmes, and fills in willingly at impromptu affairs. She is small and dignified and has been voted "Just naturally nice."

MAE FLEMING—Calgary.—Spends her spare moments (they seem to be many) in futile argument, and inventing ways and means of annoying la Belle Jorgens. Beside these two stupendous tasks she teaches rote songs with great gusto to the combined classes. She promises to become a good teacher some day if a tall, fair young farmer doesn't happen along.

AUDREY FOLKINS—Calgary.—

Auburn hair, and true blue eyes,
Energetic, studious, wise,
A smile to greet her friends each day
Kind words and thoughts and spirits gay.
A friend to all, her classmates say,
A sense of humor, a sporting way,
Our Audrey.

ELLA FOUGHTY—Medicine Hat.—One of the few people in the school of whose artistic notions Mr. Hutton approves. One must admit she wields an efficient pencil and brush. Imagine her some years hence, when teaching has palled, living in the Latin Quarter, wearing one of those tamis, and making Foughty drawings famous. Will they be realistic, cubistic, impressionistic, modernistic? Most probably Foughtystic.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IB**

PHYLLIS GEROW—Medicine Hat.—This clever little lady is distinguished by her all-embracing grin and her remarkable sense of humor which enables her to go through Normal School and see the joke. She loves putting on old clothes and hiking over the hills and far away. Every once in a while she gets out the good old pastels and makes a scene worthy of Mr. Hutton, but she's too modest to show it. Maybe she doesn't want to make Mr. Hutton green with envy.

DOROTHY GLASSER—Lethbridge.—Short and sweet and to the point. 1B's classical musician, debater, reciter, ad infinitum, and the organizer of thrilling and mystic pantomimes. Need we extol her versatility any further?

MAGDALENE GLEDDIE—Alderson.—A stoical, enigmatical mien, unruffled by any catastrophe that might occur at Normal. Perhaps recollections of her ability to win scholarships might account for this calm and unhurried manner.

HELEN HAGLE—Calgary.—Vice-president of 1B with nonchalant unquenchable vivacity. Converses at great length with long and lanky youths giving them advice in their love affairs. Her greatest ambition is to one day inveigle all of the 1B's to buy basketball game tickets.

BETTY HAY—Vulcan.—The lady with the magnificent golden tan—the oriental slant of eyes is most intriguing. She is one of those modern girls with long hair and occupies much time with hairpins while she exclaims unhappily about them.

ENA HERMAN—Cluny.—She is liked for her quiet studious ways and her willingness to help others. We all agree she is "First Class."

"A pleasant manner and a gentle grace,
A east of thought upon her face."

JEANNETTE HINMAN—Cardston.—A savant of the giant intellect. It is said that she sleeps with a History of Education under her pillow. Her's is one of the few lockers that betrays an impeccable mind by its impeccable neatness.

HAZEL HORRICKS—Calgary.—Dainty little person who trips into the room with a worried look every period but she is never late. Miss Fisher always has a series of questions for her, having her at such close range. Rehearses all her lessons in her room before going out to teach them.

EVELYN HOWLAND—Calgary.—Always wears a red tie. One can pick her out anywhere by its flaming brilliancy. She keeps the best set of notes in the school, both in her head and in her book. Wins prizes. We know—looked up her past, sleuth fashion.

ALICE HOWSON—Calgary.—Is like her hair, golden, flecked with sunshine and shadow. Sunshine when she is in a gay mood for anything (especially Psychology discussions—just look around for the warlike three who hound Dr. Coffin with questions—Alice is one of them) and shadow when she is in a quiet mood catching up on assignments. She has a way of remaining after Psychology periods to hash out the numerous questions that such a session raises in her mind.

MARGARET HUNTER—Calgary.—She is a quiet girl with a cheery grin. Frequently her low-pitched voice is heard answering the question of some exasperated Instructor after he or she has failed to get a murmur out of the rest. She is usually seen about 8:58 scurrying across the prairie.

DORA INNES—Calgary.—Attains individuality by being just herself. She has a direct and straightforward manner and flair for fitting in and making others fit in. Possesses that intangible something that endears her to everybody, especially the Sergeant.

MARJ. IRWIN—Calgary.—Wheedles youngsters to learn something by her "Let's go" manner. Plays bridge with success, routing with ease all the good luck and brains Eileen can muster.

Ambition—To ask a question that Dr. Coffin can't answer. Persevere, Marj.—we all live in hope.

LORNA JACOBS—Caldwell.—Foremost among the three 1B's whose pituitary glands worked overtime. Makes innumerable baskets for the 1B team because all she has to do is to drop the ball in. Leap Frog is her favorite form of entertainment in P.T.

CATHERINE JENKINS—Airdrie.—

Catherine Jenkins plump and jolly
Looks just like a baby dolly.

She is sweet and no mistake. Quiet perhaps and not only knows her work but does it. She can't help having dimples so no one ever thinks she has her serious moments.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IB****DOROTHY JORGENS—Calgary.**—

Her bold Soeratic frown bespeaks
A mind that is transcendental.
Her limpid langorous eyes betray
An interest purely mental.
She seeks a rarer ether
Unknown to you or me,
A hyper-eosmic-consciousness
Her pent-up soul to free.

BILLIE LANCASTER—Brocket.—One mostly sees her swinging down the halls with her nose tilted at an angle that is completely her own, since it is neither impudent nor superior.

A slightly mocking, gently scornful,
Oriental calm.

ALICE LITCHFIELD—Raymond.—“A—well, speaking from my own experience—” and Alice relates stories about the most remarkable teachers. We approve of them and for a good reason. They have produced an honor student with a sunny smile and a sweet disposition. But Alice didn’t tell us that.**ELEANORE LOXAM—Calgary.**—“Let me but do my work from day to day.” Always brings in assignments on time, but one has a suspicion she sits up all night doing them. Wins scholarships and things. It is rumored that she doesn’t intend to teach. Now what else does a Normalite expect to do.**LAIMIE MACKIE—Banalto.**—Possesses the distinction of writing the only biography that wasn’t censored. “Pathetic—that’s what it is. Pathetic,” Mr. Loucks attempts to make the melancholy Laimie (Eeyore) smile.**DORCAS MAGRATH, B.A., “Manitoba”—Calgary.**—Peter Pan, B.A. Is best known for her high schoolish treatment of primary subjects and dealing with impudent high school youths efficiently. She can’t prevent her tongue from slipping in the word Antidisestablishmentarianism in moments of stress. She has another word of colossal proportions and for further enlightenment as to the state of her vocabulary see the biography of one Dorothy Jorgens.**LILLIAN MUSEUS—Munson.**—Views the world through wistful eyes from behind rubber tired spectacles. In a thin, sweet, plaintive voice she pipes out an answer and Doctor Coffin replies: “Sh-sh!” or Miss Dyde says, “Miss Museus I’m not hearing you.” Then Lillian begins again.**EILEEN MacKAY—Calgary.**—A raucous laugh, a giggle, a snort from the back of the room. Looking around one finds Jean Pow and several others blotted out by Eileen’s opaque bulk. Mr. Hutton always inquires solicitously for her when she isn’t present.**KATHLEEN McDougall—Calgary.**—“If you would take her without an answer you must take her without her tongue.” Sparkling good humor, ready wit, a constant smile, always the centre of the most hilarious group in the room and usually the last to have an assignment ready—these things characterize Mickey. But she has a more serious side. As the Agnes MacPhail of the first Executive she worked hard for the school and her Chairmanship of the Social Committee was one series of successes. At the first of the term she was known as “the girl who was beside herself”—but finally persuaded the Instructors that Kathleen and Mary were one and the same person.**DORIS NICHOL—Innisfail.**—One of those unassuming little maids whose light of wisdom is hidden under a bushel of modesty. As she is so reticent about herself, her many friends have to proclaim her worth. Her boyish bob is one of the few vestiges of old-fashioned girlhood. It is very refreshing to see someone who doesn’t struggle with hairpins.**BERTHA NYHOF—Monarch.**—A nut-brown maiden from sunny Southern Alberta and suspected of proximity to the famed forty-ninth parallel. Is always first out of the locker room after gym period and is noted for punctuality on all kinds of occasions.**EILEEN O'BRIEN—MacLeod.**—One of the Sergeant’s lieutenants who insists that we are not present when we’re not there. And she is usually right. Is mostly seen about swinging several keys of graduated sizes on a string.**EUNICE PARKER—High River.**—Came from the E. P. Ranch town in September. Her Irish eyes and pleasant smile gave her a seat at the back of the room where she spends her days blissfully dreaming. She will never be forgotten by Mr. Loucks. She is left-handed you remember. One of the people over whom Mr. Hutton exclaims and tears his hair in the throes of mingled “sorrow and regret.”

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IB**

JEAN POW—**Redcliff.**—Unlike Piglet (though she is much like him in other respects) she talks a great deal. Mr. Hutton has said of her that her tongue is an involuntary muscle that continues to work from morn to night. Madame Ellis-Browne pronounces her voice to be Mezzo (whatever that is) but at any rate it's carrying.

MILLY RAMSAY—**Drumheller.**—Neat white teeth—after the manner of Pepsodent. Plays jazz that is heart-rending in its appeal and brings forth tears of—what you will. Never seen about the halls of a noon-hour. If you want her, look in 302 and inquire "How doth the busy little bee." Strange but true.

ROXIE REMINGTON—**Cardston.**—No, no relation to the typewriter. Roxie loves sitting at the back of the room so she can let her benign glance wander all around. One of the few who seem to know all about Agriculture and who have the right to wear the beret and sash of the artist.

MARION ROBB, M.A., Dalhousie—**Bedford, Nova Scotia.**— "And for the hours of rest that come between,
An inward joy in all things heard and seen."

Editor-in-Chief of the Year Book, Secretary of the Dramatic Society, President of 1B—Debater of no little fame—baker of superlative banana pie—we could go on but we won't. No wonder the "Hours of rest" are few; yet the joy is there. It is with delight born of envy that we report certain weaknesses, such as games of marbles with Mr. Sheane, and lack of enthusiasm when teaching Music. Normal without Marion? Impossible.

CORAL STRANG—**Claresholm.**—The Winnie-the-Pooh of our class. She makes up her mind slowly, changes it slowly, but when it is finally made up it is changeless as a first-rate Sphinx. Coral has not yet been successful in converting Mr. McCalla into a summer-fallow booster.

FREDA SWALLOW—**Rowley.**—The lady of the perfect eyebrows, and they aren't plucked either. The fact that she sits in the corner and usually has to answer Mr. Louck's first question does not disturb her quiet self-possession. It is rather helped by the fact that she is usually able to answer correctly.

BLANCHE WHEELER—**Blackie.**—Her placid smile and even temper are well known about the halls. With a painted-on-moustache and a rakish derby she played the part of the ex-Normalite with consummate art, but she can't drink Coca-Cola without sputtering.

VERNA WOOLF—**Hill Spring.**—Hibernates at the back of the room in various periods. Instructors have a tendency to want to know more about her. But then the reclusive shy little violet is infrequently seen about Normal and we like it.



The names of the students who have been given a place on the Honor Page, follow. This is a result of contributions of outstanding merit to our Year Book. The nature of their contributions is also indicated.

Miss L. Arbogast	} The Lettering of Photographs.
Miss L. Kotkas	
Miss M. Powell	
Miss M. Balfour	
Mr. Dave Pickard	
Mr. R. Turner	Ghosts at Normal.
Mr. M. MaeLean	Essay on Ears.
Mr. M. McClung	On Normal School.
Mr. A. Gordon	Game of Miniature Golf.
Mr. J. Lewis	Teachers' Enigma.
Mr. L. McDonald	A Dream.





BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IC

LOIS ARBOGAST—Youngstown.—The 1C doorkeeper with the pacing gait. Chews gum—when Charlie has any. Between chews she plays professional basketball—and grins. Main ambition is to master the art of club swinging. Maybe she thinks it will be useful in later life.

HARRIET ASSELSTINE—Calgary.—When we think of Harriet we think of wasps. Don't misunderstand, it's just because her brilliant lecture on wasps made such an impression. A hint from Harriet—"Wear a smock over your gym bloomers and avoid detection."

MARY BALFOUR—Calgary.—Mary fairly radiates good humor and charm of personality. That is no reason why Dr. Coffin should use her for psychological demonstrations. General consensus of opinion—"She's sweet."

DORIS BEGIN—Drumheller.—A model girl but not a working model—adequately referred to as "a little scatterbrain" who can do things when she applies herself. "Oh sleep it is a gentle thing, beloved in Miss Dyde's periods."

ALICE BLISS—Calgary.—Her outstanding characteristics are her quiet reserve, her sweet smile, and her shiny black hair. A trim, dignified Miss who will be remembered for her ability to teach marching with her hands in her pockets at every P.T. class.

MAYSIE BUDGE—Calgary.—You can't budge Maysie. Her spare time is spent in tying up Eaton's parcels and making superlative leaf collections.

MARY BURKE—Maeleoed.—The living questionnaire, closely related to a Psychology test—she's just full of unanswered questions. She'll most likely write a catechism during intervals in teaching.

GLADYS CHARLES—High River.—The girl with the magnetic eyes—and the height. MacKay and Charles make splendid ads for "before and after taking." IIB's only rival as a darkie.

ANNETTE CHRISTOFFERSON—Brant.—Just when 1C thinks it is growing up we hear Annette's baby voice and realize we are still the infants. Her pet worry is the number of calories per pound per day allowed to a young lady whose height is decidedly above normal.

MARY CLIFFORD—Calgary.—From the time we first heard her speak with her attractive English accent, we knew that Mary would be a real friend, nor have we been disappointed. Highly imaginative, yet with a good deal of common sense, she is at once original and charming. She is cheerful and obliging. Everyone knows Mary as leading lady in "A Doll's House," President of the Natural History Club, Chairman of the Literary Committee and performer of innumerable odd jobs. She has been one of the most prominent of the "400."

GERTRUDE COLTON—Calgary.—Giggling Gertie of excessive energy. Was the object of Instructors' queries until the silence that was her reply discouraged them. Never mind, Gertie, there are 399 others like you.

GERTRUDE DETERMAN—Goddard.—She of the high heels and the diamond. Wonder why she's attending Normal anyway? If you are troubled with insomnia, ask Gertrude to read to you.

MARY DILLON—Dunmore.—A Jekyll-Hyde person, the mouse of 1C. In class and when Practise Teaching is as confident and self-possessed as Dr. Coffin. Perhaps, it's the psychology of the thing.

ANNIE DOENZ—Warner.—"Class—with a jump—attention!" None other than Annie, the Sergt of IC. Instructors please note—she belies her name.

GERTRUDE ELLERT—Milk River.—The charming pianist of the Students' Union. Believes that she has a haughty air but it is interpreted by her friends as coyness—oh well!

LENORE FROEHLICH—Semans.—Someone must have misplaced vitamin C while Lenore was growing up. On A, B and D, she developed into a timid, quiet, vest pocket edition of a Normalite.

MARJORIE HANEY—Calgary.—Marjorie's wind-blown bob draws deep admiration from many of her friends. She's the kind of girl you want to call the jolly good sort you should all know.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IC

IRENE HARBISON—Calgary.—An “oil-on-troubled-waters.” One of the few who make 1C endurable for the Instructors. Usually quiet but she did go up in the air when teaching about aeroplane rides.

DORIS KIDNEY—Calgary.—“Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.” So Doris enthusiastically does Psychology and Art and plays numerous games of basketball, Follies and Normal Girls’ (and Boys’). Happy in nature until someone begins punning on her name. It wouldn’t surprise us if she changed it.

LOIS KING—Calgary.—Lois plays a violin and fiddles around with a Ford car. A few freckles and a wind-blown bob and a sense of humor; made a high mark in History of Education.

ROSE LAMMLE—Swalwell.—Rose rushes right past breathing pauses. Owing to her fame as a fortune-teller, many of the 1A class are thinking of dropping the teaching profession because of a tip from Rose. Most roses have thorns but ours has a dimple.

MARY MAKAR—Calgary.—Holds us more spellbound with a violin than Miss Fisher can with a spelling test. Is as well known for her infectious giggle as she is famous for her music. Mary is a good sport and has taken part in many of the school activities.

MARY MAYELL—Calgary.—Class president by acclamation, which indicates that we realize and appreciate her many desirable attributes. She claims that one can appreciate Art without actually being able to do it. She is fortunate in possessing that saving grace, a sense of humor.

KATIE MIDDLETON—Calgary.—Katie is one of the few in 1C who refrains from violent argument. In the racket before the buzzer rings you find her in the corner quietly communing on subjects intellectual.

HELEN MUSEUS—Munson.—So quiet you are never sure of her presence, until Mr. Loueks calls the roll. Then she meekly answers “Present.” Her wistful eyes gaze at you appealingly until in desperation you obligingly stall off a Psychology exam with questions.

FLORENCE McCAMMON—Calgary.—Stop! Look and Listen! “Oh, my dear, how interesting, thrills and heart-throbs!”

Yes, that’s Florenee. She has more eases than a box factory, and a wealth of Golden Glint eurls,

VIOLET MCKAY—Delia.—If Pepsodent ever saw her smile, they would immediately take out a patent on it. Although quiet, her ability in making friendships rivals her smile.

MURIEL MacMILLAN—Gadsby.—The fearless one—charges into 1A without so much as “by your leave,” yet don’t let this give you the wrong impression—1A likes it.

DORA McPHERSON—Vulcan.—“Cello” Dora with her merry blue eyes has many virtues, but she doesn’t broadcast them.

Dora’s never heard to boast,
Her voice we seldom hear.
But quiet folk oft know the most,
Her qualities are clear.

KATHLEEN McRAE—Calgary.—Kay is a constant source of anxiety to our “English” Instructor with her quiet voice. We think Kay herself is not so quiet for we know she can certainly play the piano, and what a noise when she strums the uke!

FRANCES PALFREY—Purple Springs.—Wanted—eight hours sleep per night, a comb, and an efficient homework assistant, by a girl worn out with the trials and tribulations of Normal.

EDITH PICKARD—Calgary.—It is a rumor that Edith’s main ambition is to go to China in the near future. Edith is quiet—in appearance, but we suspect it is her appearance only. Telling stories to a pop-eyed Grade II is her strong suit.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IC**

MABEL POWELL—Wayne.—A girl that will put most boys in the deep dark background when it comes to shooting—a gun I mean. Mabel has won pins and trophies for her accurate aim so be careful to keep on the good side of her. However, that isn't hard, for Mabel is a jolly good fellow and a favorite with everyone.

KATHLEEN ROSS—Pineher Creek.—A jolly all "round" athlete—that's Gay. In direct contradiction to her name, her face is as solemn as a Methodist Minister's. She has no reason for having that look for she is a star at basketball, baseball and borrowing—ask Mabel.

SADIE SEMKOWICZ—Calgary.—When Sadie answers questions there's no more to be said—the room's full of voice—even the deaf would smile and feel a thrill of comprehension. Her pupils gaze in astonishment—so much decision and volume in such a small parcel.

MYRTLE SIMON—Drumheller.—Myrtle, out of consideration for her parasite classmates runs a free loan bureau. In order to better describe her, may we quote Pope: "Good nature and good sense must ever join."

JANE STOCKTON—Drumheller.—Jane had to leave her beloved horses when she came to Calgary but is looking forward to getting back to them. We all like Jane. There is a wholesomeness and sincerity that seems to draw friends to her. As a loyal supporter of the Dramatic Society, Jane has done more than her bit in helping out. She also had a leading part in "The Doll's House."

ELINOR VAN AMBURGH—Calgary.—A "methodist" of the first degree. She shows great method and organization in all work even to the hunting out of intimate details in the life of the lowly mosquito. When a clever answer is given and in a "high doh" pitch, it is Elinor answering.

HAZEL WATSON—Lethbridge.—"Variety is the spice of life"—her slogan. Just take a concentrated peep at the left lapel of her jacket and I'm sure you'll agree. Everything from "Mickey Mouse" to A.T.A.

ELIZABETH WEBB—Calgary.—What! Betty playing Yo-Yo! "Truth is stranger than fiction." Betty winds her sinuous way around the main corridor and patrols the three floors periodically. She has a back seat—and does she make use of it?

MARY WHITE—Medicine Hat.—We just can't imagine pupils misbehaving where Mary teaches. Efficieney and good management curb even the most daring of miscreants. She'll be at home in any school, but particularly one composed of New Canadians. Also music teaching appeals to her.

LOLITA WILSON—Lethbridge.—A dusky maid with a southern drawl. We're told she lives for a special "diet" which is even more necessary than three meals a day. Lolita gets a kick out of everything, even Psychology, and her poetic ability shines forth in prosaic odes and humorous versified sketches on psychological episodes.

VIOLET WILSON—Spring Coulee.—A languid genius swooning amidst the boisterous clamor of the infant Bedlam. Why do quiet, clever, cool, and collected people always win scholarships? Ask Violet. She is a real fountain of knowledge.

SELMA WOOD—Calgary.—"Silently she walked among them." We just know that Selma will succeed. Anyone as businesslike must have her notes and assignments in perfect order.

CLARA WOZNOW—Medicine Hat.—Clara's eyebrows are most impressive. They tell more frequently of profound astonishment—mild (?) curiosity, and mischief in the making.

"Type of her sex in wit and fun,
Holds everything with ease except her tongue."

FLORINA WYATT—Medicine Hat.—"Enie," the little girl with the long curls. She is famed for making a mountain out of a mole-hill.



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GLEE CLUB

The membership of the Glee Club consists of over a hundred members and practices are held in the Assembly Hall every Thursday afternoon from 4:15 to 5 o'clock.

Owing to the exceptionally fine weather during the Fall term, which was conducive to outdoor sports, regular practices were not held, and unfortunately owing to the many interruptions, through holidays, practice teaching, etc., it is quite impossible to undertake an Operetta, there being so many students required to present a successful performance. This is very disappointing to both students and to the Director, who still has hopes of being able to put on an attractive program of Closing Exercises at the end of the term.

THE CHARITY SOCIAL

Before Christmas the students held a social, the proceeds of which, as the name implies, were given to charity.

The activities opened with a guessing game which was won by Miss Horsley and Mr. Powell. After this the evening was filled with dancing and card-playing.

Fifty dollars was cleared from this dance. The sum of ten dollars was added to this from the student funds. This money was divided between Sunshine and the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, thirty dollars being given to each.



A NORMALITE

If you've toiled and toiled in the gym
And you still have kept your vim,
If in Practice School you've taught
And criticism's all you got,
If at Art you worked all night
And still your marks were very light,
If your weakness was a pen
And you wrote and wrote again,
If always slow you could not add
And the results were just too bad,
You memorized poem after poem
But in exams left memory home,
If you had read about the mind
And found you still had much to find,
If you have learned the note and song
But when teaching it went always wrong,
If you have thought you knew the noun
But those tests surely set you down,
If your own class you had to teach
And nonchalance you could not reach,
Left work undone until the test
And then you studied like the rest,
You've been to Normal School, my lad.

A. GORDON.



The brevity of the course does not warrant too extensive excursions into the world of sports, but the branches entered into have been attended with marked success.

The outstanding sport in the school this year has been basketball. Early in the season a house league was organized which aimed at giving anyone so desiring an opportunity to participate in this game.

This league is composed of some eleven teams, comprising about 85 per cent of the male students. To stimulate interest Birks and Sons have donated a beautiful trophy which is to be awarded to the winning team.

To further encourage mass participation in sports, a volleyball league was organized.

Plans are under way at present for extensive inter-class baseball for this coming Spring. Interest in soft-ball is also running high. We look forward to some interesting contests along these lines.

HOCKEY

Normal is noted for its hockey teams, but this year it even exceeded its former standards. The Normal Hockey Team although not successful in winning the Tech.-Normal play-offs, was one of the best ever turned out by the school. This was due not only to the excellent quality of material available but to the fine coaching of Mr. Sheane.

The team was entered in the Collegiate Inter-School League comprised of Technical, Mount Royal College and Normal, but owing to poor ice facilities the League was unable to carry out the intended schedule. Despite this, Normal and Tech entered the finals for the Picardy Cup but sad to relate Tech. took both games, 4-3 and 3-2, thereby winning the series, and incidentally the trophy, by a score of 7-5.

Only one trip was made during the year. Normal went to Strathmore and after giving the fast intermediate team a good run finally lost 5-3.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

JACK JAMES (Goal)—Saved the team from many defeats by his uneanny ability to get in the road of the puck. Also played for a junior team in the city.

JOHN GRAHAM (Sub-Goal)—Learned to play at Taber with others of the team.

"MITCH" MILTON (Defence)—Speedy man who comes through in the pinehes. Plays too much individual hockey.

TOMMY RIEGER—A real defence man who can play in any position.

"CEC" HOLMES (Defence)—Everything stops when it hits "Cec". It's bound to. He has the habit of being too good natured when playing.

EARL MAYNARD (Left Forward)—Plays well with his team mates. He has a heavy shot which will go deadlier as time progresses.

ROBERT PATERSON (Centre)—A sure goal getter. Was high scorer, for goals and assists, in the league. It is deemed advisable that he learn to control the frenzied gyrations of his feet.



MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM

Personnel—Men's Hockey Team—continued.

SIMON COOK (Right Forward)—He plays a good heady game (when he is not in the "cooler"). His policy is to resort to rough tactics thereby taking advantage of his 130 pounds.

LLOYD McDONALD (Left Forward)—He plays hockey as well as he writes minutes. Not being satisfied with scoring for his own team he occasionally registers a marker for the opposing team. We call that some scoring! !

ERNEST FROST (Centre)—A very rough diminutive player but plenty speedy on the offensive. Said to be as cool as his name suggests but that is only a suggestion. (?)

ALBERT VAYRO (Right Forward)—The fastest and most beautiful skater on the squad. A man who can be relied on to supply that essential winning punch.

MR. SHEANE (Coach)—Much credit is due to Mr. Sheane's efficient coaching for the outstanding success of the hockey team. The team takes this opportunity to express their sincere gratitude. Three cheers for Mr. Sheane!

D. C. PICKARD—A team can never be said to be any better than its trainer. Ours is no exception. Not a little of the Normal hockey team's success can be traced to its trainer—namely "Dave."

LADIES' BASKETBALL HOUSE LEAGUE

Early in the Fall Sergeant Sutherland was mobbed by some three hundred girls and asked to form a house league. Being a willing young man and ever ready to please the ladies, he complied with the request and some twenty teams were organized. This scheme, however, was not very successful, so after Christmas the Sergeant, together with the valuable assistance of Miss Kidney, organized a league of seven teams. This scheme has been approved of by the girls and great vim and pep has been shown by all the girls being on time, etc.,—ask the Sergeant. At present IIC is on top—having lost no games. However, IC is running a close second and IIC will have to watch her step if she is to remain victorious. However, led by Betty Stevenson, the girls feel confident of winning the league.

SCHOOL TEAM

Although the girls did not enter a team in the league, city or provincial, they did very well and played some splendid exhibition games. The girls were defeated only by the Central Grads — Calgary's only senior ladies' team — there being a difference of only one point in the score favoring the Grads.

The girls met the Gibsons, Follies, Y.W.C.A., and Calgary champion Wittichens, and managed to take them all into camp. The team is looking forward to a trip—probably to Lethbridge.

In case you have never met this team of whom we are so justly proud, let me introduce them:

BETTY STEVENSON (Right Forward)—Captain Betty is also a member of the Follies Basketball Club. For two years she was captain of that team. We are all justly proud of Betty and we are of the firm belief that Alberta cannot produce a better forward or a better sport than "Our Captain Betty." Her specialty—long shots.

DORIS KIDNEY (Left Forward)—Doris is Betty's partner both on and off the basketball floor. Her cheery disposition has helped us all to try and play a better game of ball. Doris is also a member of the Follies—being secretary-treasurer. Doris is given to making out Basketball Schedules and we wonder what the Sergeant will do without her next year.

ISOBEL HORSLEY (Left Forward)—Isobel came from East Calgary High to exhibit her ability to handle that elusive sphere and we must admit she is surely capable of taking either Doris or Betty's place on the floor.

HANNAH TOONE (Centre)—The tallest member of our team. She is also a member of the city champions, the Wittichens. Hannah is an asset to any team. She is always able to help with the scoring and assist the defense in checking the opponents.

LOIS ARBOGAST (Centre)—Lois came to us from Central. On entering the gym her intentions were not towards "making the girls' team," but rather just to see how the boys were progressing. However, Lois has proved herself to be a very fine player, able to play either centre or guard.



LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM

Personnel—Ladies' Basketball Team—continued.

GAY ROSS (Right Guard)—Gay came to us from Pincher Creek to show us how they play basketball in the south. She has proved her metal by making herself a member of the Wittichens basketball team, and by the stellar performances she has turned in while playing with the Normal quintette. We could never have been so successful if it hadn't been for our "always smilin'" Gay.

LOUISE KOTKAS (Right Guard)—Her home is in Barons. However, she first took up basketball at C.H.C.I. last year. Louise tells us she got tired of golf and dibbs, etc., so she took up basketball. She is one of the heftiest and swiftest girls on the team.

GERTRUDE O'HANLON (Left Guard)—We suspect Gertrude has been reared in an environment of basketball from the cradle—her father was coach of Normal teams in past years. She is part of the wily defence which has stopped the best forwards opposing teams could send against it. Chief concern is contriving to escape the plague of personal fouls levied by righteous officials.

**MEN'S BASKETBALL**

Early in the Fall, a basketball club, which was to dictate the policy of the school along this line, was organized with the following officers:

Hon. President	Dr. Coffin.
President	A. E. Hutton.
Secretary	Florence McCammon.
Treasurer	Gerald Snow.

The Club decided to enter a team in the intermediate division of the province. The team was duly organized and under the able coaching of Sgt. Sutherland was ready for action shortly before Christmas.

The team has had almost unprecedented success, having played 16 games and won 15. The only loss they have suffered is at the hands of the Wild Cats, senior champions of this division. This game was very close and our boys were nosed out in the dying minutes of the game to lose by a meagre two points.

When the league started after Christmas, the boys were in fine shape and had no difficulty in disposing of the three other intermediate teams in this division. They played championship basketball all through the league and were thus entitled to go into the semi-finals against the Y.M.C.A. Hornets from the Capital City.

In the first game, played in Edmonton, our team won quite handily by a score of 48-30, thus giving them an 18 point lead to take into the second game. The second game on our home floor was more closely contested and our boys had a hard time emerging from the game with their well earned five point lead. The combined score of the series was 89-66 giving us a decisive win by 23 points.

By virtue of these wins our team played the Lethbridge Deuces, Southern Alberta Champions, for the provincial title. Only one game has been played as yet, which resulted in another victory for the scarlet and blue. The score was 36-26. The other game remains to be played, nevertheless prospects seem very favorable for copping the intermediate crown when we go into the final game at Lethbridge shortly.

**PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM**

- G. SNOW (Captain)**—Flashy left forward, a major cog in the scoring machine of Millar, Russell, Snow & Co. Fast on his feet, knows basketball from the inside out, and has an uncanny ability to find the hoop. He is the heaviest scorer on the team and in one game scored forty-six points against the "Y". Anyway what more can be said about a perfect player?
- H. RUSSELL**—Came to us from Lethbridge, where he was on the roster of the Lethbridge Collegiate team for two years. He is a valuable asset as right forward. He plays a clean, fast game, teaming up well with the other forwards. Especially deadly on his shots from the corners of the floor.
- L. SHIELDS**—Also hails from Lethbridge as does his teammate Russell with whom he plays forward. Len is one of the fastest players on the squad, plays a superb floor game and packs a neat shot much to the consternation of opposing guards.



MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM PROVINCIAL INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS

Personnel—Men's Basketball Team—continued.

B. O. MILLAR—Part of the heritage handed down to us by Normal teams of the past. He emerged from the chaos of battle a smooth, heady player, calm in the most critical situations that arise. B. O. marvels at the facility with which his team-mates garner a blighting harvest of banishing personal fouls.

C. HARRISON—Plays centre and defence. This strong silent youth also plays rugby for the Tigers. Acquired his basketball training at the East Calgary High School, anyway the part which Sgt. Sutherland hasn't instilled into him.

H. WALKER—Versatile athlete, one of the most colorful guards in the city. He plays a running guard game and usually manages to outscore his forward, this last somewhat at the expense of the coach's peace of mind. Played for the Raymond High School for two years in which they were provincial champions.

H. VICKERY—Teams up well on defence with Walker. Plays a steady reliable game and can be depended upon when the going is rough. Came to us from the ranks of the Taber Juniors. Easily distinguishable on the floor by his long hair, long legs and long reach and jump. "Vic" is also an erstwhile puck chaser if opportunity permits.

F. SEARLE—Plays defence position to advantage of everyone but opposing forwards. He teams up well with Walker or Vickery as occasion demands. Played with the Magrath High School for two years before coming to Normal.

SGT. SUTHERLAND (Coach)—Much credit is due to the Sergeant for the success of the basketball teams, both boys' and girls'. His constant, conscientious coaching has played an important part in welding the teams into the winning units they have become.

A. E. HUTTON, (President)—The basketball club owes much to Mr. Hutton for the efficient manner in which he has handled the business of the club. He has given unstintingly of his valuable time to make this year a banner year for basketball in the school.

NORMAL TEAM

INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS

Outplaying the Lethbridge Deuces on their own home floor, our boys won the final game of the series for the Provincial Intermediate Championship by a score of 39-27. This gave them a lead in the two-game series of 75-53. Our boys have played splendidly all year and much credit is due to them and to their coach, Sgt. Sutherland. The Year Book extends the heartiest congratulations to the Boys' Basketball Team for their success.

THE "GET ACQUAINTED" PICNIC

The social activities of the Normal School began this year with the annual "Get Acquainted" Picnic at St. George's Island.

Private street cars, loaded to the roof with carefree youths and maidens, hurried from the Normal School to the park.

After lunch had been eaten the real events began.

First came a contest to see which class could yell the loudest and longest. Contrary to expectations the girls did not win this event. It was won by the First Class men.

Each class then put on a stunt. Here some of the ladies tried to cover their defeat in the yelling contest by carolling melodious choruses. JB was the the victor in this.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten beauty contest. The ladies were to dress the men in the raiment of the fair sex and were to exhibit them before the judges. This almost caused a panic. When the men were needed they had mysteriously disappeared. Yet they were not far away, for Mr. McCalla was all this time marvelling at the strange forms of animal life that could be seen crawling among the bushes. They were finally rounded up, dressed, and after being corralled into a small circle, were paraded before a committee of the staff for judgment.

A series of tugs-of-war and baseball matches, in which all the classes participated, ended the picnic, and the tired but better-acquainted students returned home.

Points were awarded for the winning classes in each of the events of the day. Class IA came first, with IB a close second.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIA**

ERIC ATKINS—Cremona.—Broad shouldered image of his younger brother Rex. Highest ambition—to have a dainty touching manner but his bass voice betrays him. He is especially adapted to teach P.T. His hobby—Primary work.

REX ATKINS—Cremona.—Is the other gold dust twin of the two brothers. A sincere, determined manner has gained him many friends and will continue to do so. He attempted to get one-up on his brother by taking boxing lessons, but found Eric there too—now they both take them. His justice in all things and likeable manner assures him a popular career as a teacher.

JOSEPH BELL—Claresholm.—Though small in size Joe is a big-hearted boy and is fully appreciated by all who know him well. His musical ability is displayed by his efforts on the sax. Some day he hopes to form an orchestra.

WILLIAM BLORE—Craigmyle.—He is a large boy in more ways than one who hides his magnetic qualities behind prominent spectacles. To trip his fingers along the keys of a piano in a sophisticated manner is his hobby at present.

ANGUS COCHRAN—Calgary.—A tall, black-haired youth whose slender figure is the envy of all the Normal girls. He has a weakness for displaying his vocal abilities and hopes that his voice will grow up so he can sing tenor in the "Glee Club" without embarrassment to himself or his associates.

HUGH DUNLOP—Coleman.—His hobby is to be the fastest and most consistent talker in the class. He gets great enjoyment in firing questions at the Instructors.

PAT GALE—Lethbridge.—Is superior in intellectual power as a result of his training at Varsity. His hobby is being agreeable, and as a result he has to have Jim May about to talk to the ladies while he escapes. Shows a decided literary bent.

ALLEN GIBSON—Medicine Hat.—Small physically but not mentally. He is well known to the Normal girls as manipulator of the "spot-light." In Practice Teaching he proves the fact that a good little man often ranks higher than a good big man.

JOHN GRAHAM—Taber.—John is of rugged build but has a very dainty voice. Outside the classroom his abilities—well, we wish he weren't so shy. As an athlete he excels in hockey and hopes soon to referee a game.

GEORGE GRANT—Hillcrest Mines.—Commonly known as "Torch." Well distinguished by flaming red hair and a continuous grin. His chief hobby is helping Madame Ellis-Brown with Music.

MARION HOLMAN—Coalhurst.—His name and his nature do not agree as he is an answer to many a maiden's prayer. His talents are not only displayed in teaching but also in matters relating to drama.

HARTLEY JACKSON—Blackie.—An apologetic-appearing man, who is famous for his smile. The only one in Normal who has not become conceited since starting. Has an acute aversion to teaching Music in Grade VIII.

JACK JAMES—Calgary.—

"He's never excited, he's always the same,
He plays not his own, but the Normal's game."

Everyone knows, everyone likes, and everyone respects Jack. As President of the Council he displayed real executive ability. But there are certain places in which even the strongest fail—ask Jack about teaching Music.

GEORGE KELBA—Boian.—George is small in stature but great in mental ability. As an artist he leads the class. His highest ambition—to become a P.T. Instructor.

CLIFFORD KOPAS—Calgary.—He is a devotee of the Art of Debating and consequently takes a great delight in cross questioning the Instructors.

GUS LAPP—Redcliff.—Noted for a graceful swing of his body when walking. He is especially adapted for collecting weed seeds and hopes to become a Weed Inspector.

JAMES MAY—Irricana.—A well-known and well-liked student. He has a weakness for talking at a rapid pace and belongs to the Melancholy Five. As a teacher he is one of those few who teach for teaching's sake.



BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IIA

RICHARD MILTON—Calgary.—A tall, graceful, first class athlete of the second class. He hides his cheery disposition behind a frowning exterior and is easily distinguished by the frightened appearance of his hair. As a public speaker he is remembered by his introduction, "Well folks."

HARRY MOWAT—Parkland.—The most serious man in the IIA Class. Although reticent in manner he can always see the funny side of a joke especially if it is on himself. He has strange weakness for P.T.

BEN MCBAIN—Cremona.—In stature he is small but in intelligence he is great. A quiet lad noted for minding his own business. He is a product of the Olds Agriculture School so he can tell the farmers' children something.
Favorite saying—"I can't talk, I've lost my voice."

BLAKE McLEAN—Oyen.—His name is Scotch, but he claims ancestors from Ireland, and proves it by his blarney. His favorite disguise is that of a flapper, which is successful to the point where he is taking lessons in repartee. Has asbestos hats to preserve his flaming locks and his novel ideas keep the Instructors awake.

MURDOCH MacPHERSON—Heathdale.—Distinguished from the other Macs by his naturally curly locks. His big objection is teaching Music and his greatest problem is keeping his hands out of his pocket when teaching games in P.T.

STEWART MacPHERSON—Empress.—Quiet and cheerful efficiency marks our new President as a success. A slight touch of command inspires respect, yet he is not of the inaccessible—he is one of us, and is one of the most popular of the students.

ROBERT TRUBA—Hillcrest Mines.—Tall and dark, with a cheerful smile and a sunny disposition. Noted for being quiet and 'tending to no one's business but his own. His chief hobby is accompanying Dick Milton in a class solo.

CLASS IIB

ISRAEL ABRAMSON—Calgary.—Rumour has it that he is argumentative, a radio expert, and an unparalleled minstrel show director. We hope that he is one of the "chosen tribe" to be given certificates.

SIMON COOK—Taber.—The diminutive hockey star. Fond of sports—outdoor and feminine. Known by his infectious grin.

KEN. DALGLIESH—Iron Springs.—Amid the uproar that is IIB a youth bends over his books. The result—99's in Psychology. When he becomes Minister of Education he will give the Normal students longer hours and more to do

GEORGE HAHN—Medicine Hat.—The curly-haired, dark manager of the hockey team. He and Pickard are the Damon and Pythias of the school. They have delighted the ears of music lovers at our Friday musicales.

HOMER HOFFORD—Calgary.—Renowned for losing bets on hockey games. He is very versatile, if it were not for his aversion for all activities demanding the use of intellect. We expect to see him holding the position of Poet Laureate some day.

ROBERT PATERSON—Taber.—Secretary of the class, and budding soloist. Besides this he is a good student, and may greet each class without that tremor which indicates undone homework. But he is not invulnerable to Mr. Hutton's wit.

DAVE PICKARD—Medicine Hat.—As class jester he is the life of IIB. In shape, form and action he exemplifies the spirit of wit and laughter. Incomparable Art student, P.T. Instructor, and harmonica expert.

ARTHUR POLLEY—Calgary.—One of the leading lights of the class. His portrayal of the chief role in the IIB program will long be remembered by the students as well as by certain members of the staff. His chief difficulty seems to be convincing Mr. Hutton that he can write.

CLARENCE RICHARDS—Calgary.—The boy with the curly hair and the car. Favorite pastimes are—bridge, bowling. His pet ambition is to go all winter without a hat or cap. Poor fellow! Likes sideburns and girls. Comes to school on time once every two weeks. Pianist for IIB.

THOMAS T. RIEGER—Delia.—The most quiet unassuming chap in IIB and that's saying something. We expect this characteristic would be most valuable in case he decided to cut classes, but he won't.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IIB

ALBERT RUFF—Hilda.—Missed his vocation. He should have been a music teacher, at least so Mme. Ellis-Browne believes. He may or may not be what his name implies, but does struggle bravely to assume a masterful and aggressive manner when teaching P.T.

HERBERT SCHACHER—Hilda.—The name is pronounced "shoeker," but don't worry girls, he's really very quiet and reserved. However, we suspect that much is mused upon beneath that placid exterior, that is not apparent to the casual observer.

FLOYD E. SEARLE—Magrath.—Plays guard on the basketball team. He's never in a hurry to leave on out-of-town trips, and always in a hurry to get back—we suspect someone in IIG. Perhaps his appeal is his southern drawl.

LEN SHIELDS—Raymond.—He was a quiet but able class representative to the council during the first term. In spite of his slight stature he worries many opponents on the basketball floor. His winning ways and curly hair break down the barrier of reserve which is supposed to exist between men and women "teachers-in-training." A faithful companion of Walker, he accompanies him on his trips to Killarney.

W. ORMAN SIBBALD—Munson.—The echoes of his weird intonations will long linger in these venerable corridors. Feminine educational devotees shudder at the opening notes of his cat-calls. Perhaps he feels badly because he realizes he will scarcely get those ante-Christmas assignments done before June.

HELMER SMEDSTAD—Claresholm.—Tall and fair and handsome. Girls want to know who he is. We understand that he is particularly fond of fair things. So are we—now. Noted as not being loquacious.

JERRY SNOW—Raymond.—Commonly called "Dob" but she calls him "Jerry." "Dob" was president of the class for the first term and is well known as the star and captain of the basketball team. He is also a fine baseball player and half-mile runner. Since Dob came to Normal his preference for brunettes has given way for a blonde.

ALMA H. SOMMERFELDT—Cardston.—This fair young man wends his way quietly from class to class wondering what all the hurry is about. His interests seem to be remote from IIB, in fact, just four classes removed. His methods ensure success in teaching—even in singing.

HARRY M. TOBIN—Youngstown.—He has an insuperable aversion for all of Mr. Hutton's subjects. Noted for his spasmodic outbursts of phrasmeical bombast when necessary; it is natural that he has earned the reputation of debater par excellence.

FRANK TURNER—Bellevue.—IIB's conscientious worker—(we are pleased to report one). The dark young man running about with multitudes of pink, yellow and blue slips, looking for Miss Dyde. He has debating tendencies that should be encouraged, and is one of the few fortunates good in music.

J. G. ALBERT VAYRO—Taber.—Rough and ready hockey player who is voted by all a good sport. His spare time is devoted to following Cook in his innocent (?) diversions.

HARVEY VICKERY—Taber.—One of the bulwarks of defense of the basketball team. The boy is there when needed. The Sergeant wonders if he has boycotted barber shops in order to keep up payments on his violin.

HARRY WALKER—Raymond.—The dark boy who plans to make a coach out of the Sergeant. Suffering from "Kidney" trouble, he takes frequent walks to Killarney to cure it, and seems to find temporary relief. Famous for his shooting in basketball, and his savage attacks on assignments after 1 a.m.

VINCENT WALTERS—Lundbreck.—Our reporter. An expert, however, on things unreportable. Though he advocates Earle Leiderman courses, he remains 178 pounds.

FRED WHITTLE—Cochrane.—President of the class for the second term. He's the boy who helps make the Cafeteria a brighter, cleaner place at noon hours—will, therefore, make a good husband for some woman.

SEYMOUR WILLIAMS—Cardston.—Known to his friends as "Shem." We suspect that he must be a good singer—else why Madame Ellis-Browne's interest? Prominent member of the Glee Club and the Male Quartette.

RAY YOUNGGREN—Chinook.—A farmer lad come to the city only to struggle bravely with art, appendicitis, ladies and other troubles. He came to Normal to mend his fortunes and find a soul mate, and now finds the order of events slightly incongruous.

FROM MY DIARY

(The First Week of School)

Monday:

School opened today. I have been greatly excited. I am very anxious to be a success. I have been remembering Mr. Hay's talk the very first day we ever saw him—"Let your light so shine before men that they shall see your good works and glorify the instructors who are at Normal."

Had trouble with my register so decided to wait until tonight and then write it out in my best School Management style.

Tuesday:

Decorated the walls with my Arithmetic Chart and some of my Art Exercises. I left the marks on those that had 6 but rubbed them off the others. Was amused at some of the pupils—"Did you really do those, Miss X? Gee!" Have written to ask Mr. Hutton to look around the Normal for an exercise I seem to have lost.

Gave the pupils their first lesson in the value of Cleanliness. Tommy was very dirty so I jerked off his sweater and only remembered Mr. Hay's warning when it came in two. Have decided to teach them by the lecture method after this.

Had the first Writing Lesson. Spent the time teaching the proper position so didn't have to write for them. Shall have to practice i's and u's tonight.

Wednesday:

Several parents and School Board members came to see me after school. Wanted to make my first lessons vivid so opened a bottle of queer smelling liquid. Some of the children must have disliked it. I explained that Dr. Coffin had advocated such a scheme as an aid to memory but even that didn't help much. Have had to promise not to do it again.

Thursday:

Must write to Miss Fisher. Showed great piles of pictures to Grade I, and Grade II insisted on watching when I had given them some Arithmetic to do. I must find out how to make them pay attention to their own work. I couldn't find anything about it in my notes.

Had a music lesson today. I couldn't find my pitch-pipe so had to hum Doh for them. I think it was quite satisfactory. They had never had Music before. Tried to teach them how to end their words properly. Am afraid it was more of a language lesson before we got through.

Friday:

This has been a long week. I am wondering what to do. I came prepared with two shoe-boxes and piles of envelopes full of seatwork but I seem to have used most of it this week trying to keep the children occupied until we got definitely settled. Also, I haven't enough blackboard space. I tried to teach Grade VII a lesson in Grammar and only had enough room for 9 examples. I had to have the pupils write the tenth in their scribblers which was not very satisfactory. I wonder if it will be all right if I use only 9 examples after this. I am very anxious to be a good teacher and do as I should. Was almost at a loss this afternoon in my first Art lesson but dealt with difficulties as they arose and so finished all right. Finished the afternoon telling the children stories.

I think I am going to love teaching school!

M. ROBB.



LOBBYING IN THE FIRST CLASSES

STERLING MACLEOD'S mind wandering during music period.
BETTY WEBB writhing into a seat the last minute before the bell rings.

KATHLEEN McDougall looking agitated and teetering about on a pair of three and a half inch heels.

MARK MCCLUNG judging the enunciation of IA and IB.

MARY CLIFFORD and MARION ROBB going to one more meeting.

The twins OVIATT and DUKE entertaining fourteen girls from assorted classes on the third floor.

The four MARYS from IC proceeding up the hall like a school of dolphins.

D. J.



Higher Qualifications



FOR the past half century, hundreds of Canadian teachers unable to attend the winter sessions of the universities have been assisted to higher academic qualifications through the extension service of Queen's University. Last year over 800 men and women from all provinces of Canada were registered for extramural work and 500 attended the summer school.

Queen's considers the student's aptitude and preferences. Teachers desiring to make any of the subjects of English, Classics, Modern Languages, Philosophy, Economics, History, Mathematics and the Sciences their special field of study may do so. Examinations are held in April and September and are the same as for intramural students.

Registration for extramural work may be made before April 10th for the summer or September 10th for the winter. The summer school is held for seven weeks during July and August. Kingston is one of the finest summer resorts of Eastern Canada and students find it an ideal place for summer study.

For further information write to the Director,
Department of Extension.

—
Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONTARIO

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB

The work of the Natural History Club of 1931 has been much enjoyed by all those who have taken active part.

Early in the season Mr. Fowler, of the Technical School, entertained us by an illustrated lecture on "Oil." We actually saw him make "pure test gas" from "crude oil" straight from Turner Valley.

On one of those beautiful clear days before Christmas we went on a hike to the "Dam." About thirty-five members were there. One of the important features of our hike was lunch. We had ten pounds of weiners, sandwiches and delicious coffee. Following the lunch we examined the structure of the dam under Mr. McCalla's guidance.

At another meeting Mr. C. Thomson (IA) gave an illustrated talk on "Wood." One or two of his specimens, especially the Birds' Eye Maple, were particularly interesting because of their rarity. Miss H. Asselstine (1C) recounted the Life History and Habits of Social Wasps.

On another occasion we took a trip to the Calgary Museum. Judging by the number who went, this was one of the most popular of our enterprises.

This Spring we propose to have many hikes, and, under Mr. McCalla's direction, study Nature from first hand experiences.

M.C.

HUMOR

Mr. Hutton (lecturing on spelling and illustrating)—

"Only once in twenty years have I seen a spelling lesson taught and finished in just the allotted time."

And then, did I hear you say, he looked in the mirror?

Teacher—"Now we'll let this hat represent Mars. Are there any questions before I proceed?"

The Class Question-Mark—"Yes, is Mars inhabited?"



BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIC**

EMILY AKINS—Keoma.—We are not quite sure that we know Emily. We have a feeling that she is a visitor. Wonder if she sleeps in? We know that "still waters run deep." She probably thinks a great deal more than she talks.

HELEN ANDERSON—Bawlf.—The girl who is a joy to Dr. Sansom and a God-send to the rest of IIC—she is always ready with a question in psychology. Another of the fair sex of the Normal whose pituitary gland—well, anyway, she's tall and, fortunate lass, has a sense of humor proportionate to her height.

LILLIAN ANDERSON—Seven Persons.—We feel sorry for the six persons who were left when this young lady decided to brighten these halls of learning. She is very intelligent and hard-working.

LOLA ARMEY—Arrowwood.—Blushes in that sweet old-fashioned way when Dr. Coffin calls her "Lola." Has an attractive, well-cared for, wind-blown bob.

JOAN BARRIE—Medicine Hat.—It is nothing short of ridiculous to ask us to write about anyone so inspiring as Joan in so brief a space. Fortunately, we may refer you to a biography more apt than any of ours might be: "Joanne," being a song written expressly for this young lady.

EMMA BOKOVOY—Coaldale.—One gossip no one could ever condemn. Emma is always talking about someone and forever saying something nice about the individual discussed. When not making kind remarks about her friends, one sees her enjoying hiking and other outdoor sports.

PEARL BREWSTER—Macleod.—If there were more girls like Pearl in IIC, it would, in truth, be the Instructors' paradise. She is the kind of student who can answer Instructors' questions and ask intelligent ones in case it looks seriously like a test.

BESSIE BRITNEY—Manyberries.—We would like to take lessons in blushing (awful confession!) from this past mistress in the womanly art. Singing sees her at her best but she will be remembered in jaded halls for her happy faculty of having a happy faculty and for exclaiming, "I never laughed so hard in all my life."

ETHEL BURNS—Blackie.—The beauty of IIC is greatly enhanced by the presence of this little hazel-eyed blonde from Blackie. Ethel is the Art Editor of this book and was rightly chosen too because of her real ability for arranging things. After seeing Ethel in "A Doll's House," we feel that any wife who would keep a maid like that in the house would be out of her mind and any School Board which would not have her would be very short-sighted.

CELESTINA CASAGRANDE—Hillcrest Mines.—Cela is a dashing "Senorita" with black, curly hair and wonderful teeth. Her supreme ambition is to find an easier and shorter way up the hill.

NAN COX—Medicine Hat.—"There's no art can find the mind's construction in the face," because to look at Nan one would take her to be a staid sort of person. Do not be misled, dear reader. Nan, when one really knows her, is "hilarity" personified.

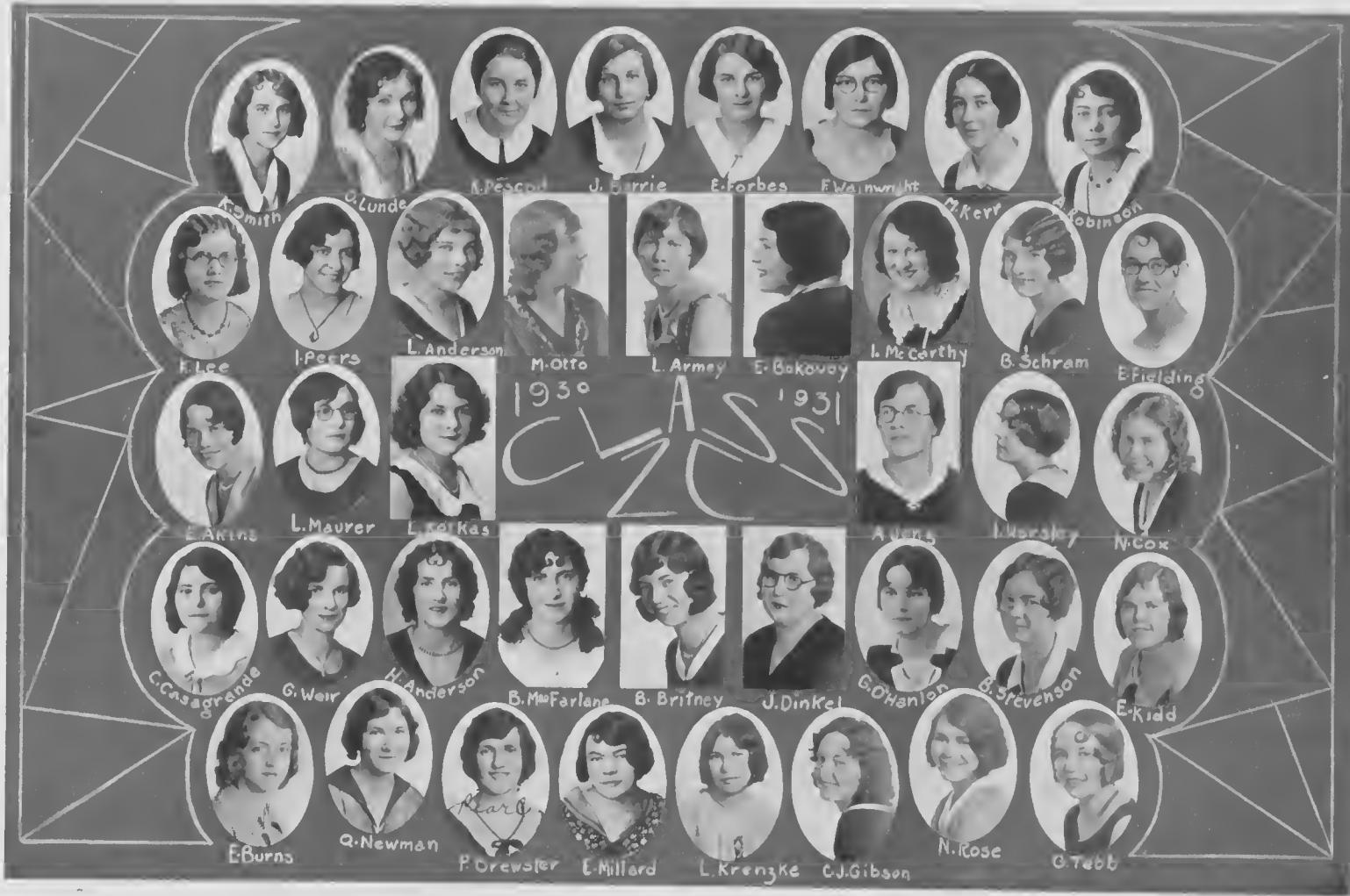
JOSEPHINE DINKEL—High River.—"Jo" is an "all-round" mystic. She excels in predicting the wonders of the dark future and keeps the rest of us in horrible suspense, ready for the worst. With her supernatural powers, she should never be unemployed even if Alberta is short of schools.

ETHEL FIELDING—Whatcheer.—That wise-looking girl with the pompadour. She is perpetually and pleasantly smiling and continually polishing her spectacles. Businesslike, that's Ethel.

ELIZABETH FORBES—Hanna.—Beth is one of the ever happy souls in IIC. Has one of those delightful little girl lisps. A good student. Her assignments are always on time. We are told her work is ever "goodly."

CLARA JANE GIBSON—Medicine Hat.—"She needs no eulogy —she speaks for herself," and she does it so well that the Instructors have a habit of looking her way whenever there is a commotion in IIC. But that bobbed-haired assemblage does not absorb all the sunshine. The whole school gets the benefit of Clara Jane's fun through more media than one. What are the media?

ISOBEL HORSLEY—Calgary.—Courageous enough to venture an answer to all of Mr. Loucks' questions. Generally she's right. Anonymously voted as IIC's spokesman. She's a great entertainer. Just imagine her saying "Polley, put the kettle on."



BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IIC

AGNES JANZ—Coaldale.—"There is no task she could not do for friendship's sake." This exactly describes Agnes who, in addition to other enviable qualities, is so consistently though quietly kind that fortunate indeed is anyone who can call her friend. Her ability as a linguist is the wonder of us all.

MARY KERR—Passburg.—A Seotech lassie with an enviable complexion. She puts the fireworks into IIC's Lit., both with her Woolworth pipe and her famous enthusiasm. "If ye'll no believe it, ye dinna ken our Mary."

ELEANOR KIDD—Elnora.—"Work and worry have killed lots of girls, so why should I take a chancen?" says Eleanor. Then when Normal Instructors ignore this irrefutable logic, we hear a characteristic "Oh, well." Eleanor can Kidd but she occasionally gets an assignment in on time.

LOUISE KOTKAS—Barons.—Very placid and matter of fact looking in class. Out of class her wise cracks keep us holding our sides. Her cartoons are wonderful combinations of Art and wit—and don't forget her basketball playing.

LILLIAN KRENZKE—Orion.—One of Calgary Normal School's famous lightweights.

"Her feet are small and neat
And her sunny smile is sweet."

Her chief difficulty is in reading the "proper" books assigned by Miss Dyde.

Favorite saying—"My I wish I'd get fat."

KATHLEEN LEE—Langdon.—Her reserve has concealed her foibles and virtues from her classmates. "When she has nothing to say she says nothing!"

ORVIE LUNDE—Barons.—The Tech. students will agree with us that Orvie Marie is not the least bit hard to look at. They usually know. Has an ambition to be a dauber and if skill gets its due she'll be famous.

LUCILLE MAURER—Wardlow.—A real hard worker, who always wants to get at the bottom of things with a ? A good comrade and a true friend is this pleasant Normalite. We all wish her every success in the new work she is about to undertake.

ETHEL MILLARD—Jenner.—Deep husky voice. Actions speak louder than words. When she pinches you (and she will often do so) they do, with emphasis on the loud. She has her serious moments when Miss Dyde wants her to speak plainly.

IRENE McCARTHY—Hanna.—Irene has auburn hair. She is continually on the job. Nobody, not even an Instructor, ever caught Irene napping. She always says, "I'm not sure but I think." We never could find out why she isn't sure.

BERNICE MacFARLANE—Lacombe.—Bernice is a tall girl with naturally wavy hair. If you persuade her that the work you want done is for the benefit of IIC she'll do it and do it as nobody else can. She is efficient in Practice Teaching and helps IIC to uphold its reputation which is fifty percent due to Bernice.

QUEENIE NEWMAN—Calgary.—Queenie enjoys everything from jokes to Psychology. She gets a great kick out of watching IIC P.T. classes.

GERTRUDE O'HANLON—Calgary.—Tubby is the girl who always has plenty of questions before Psychology class but due to a fear of blushing she never asks them even though it might stave off a test. One of our basketball enthusiasts, friendly, charming and bright.

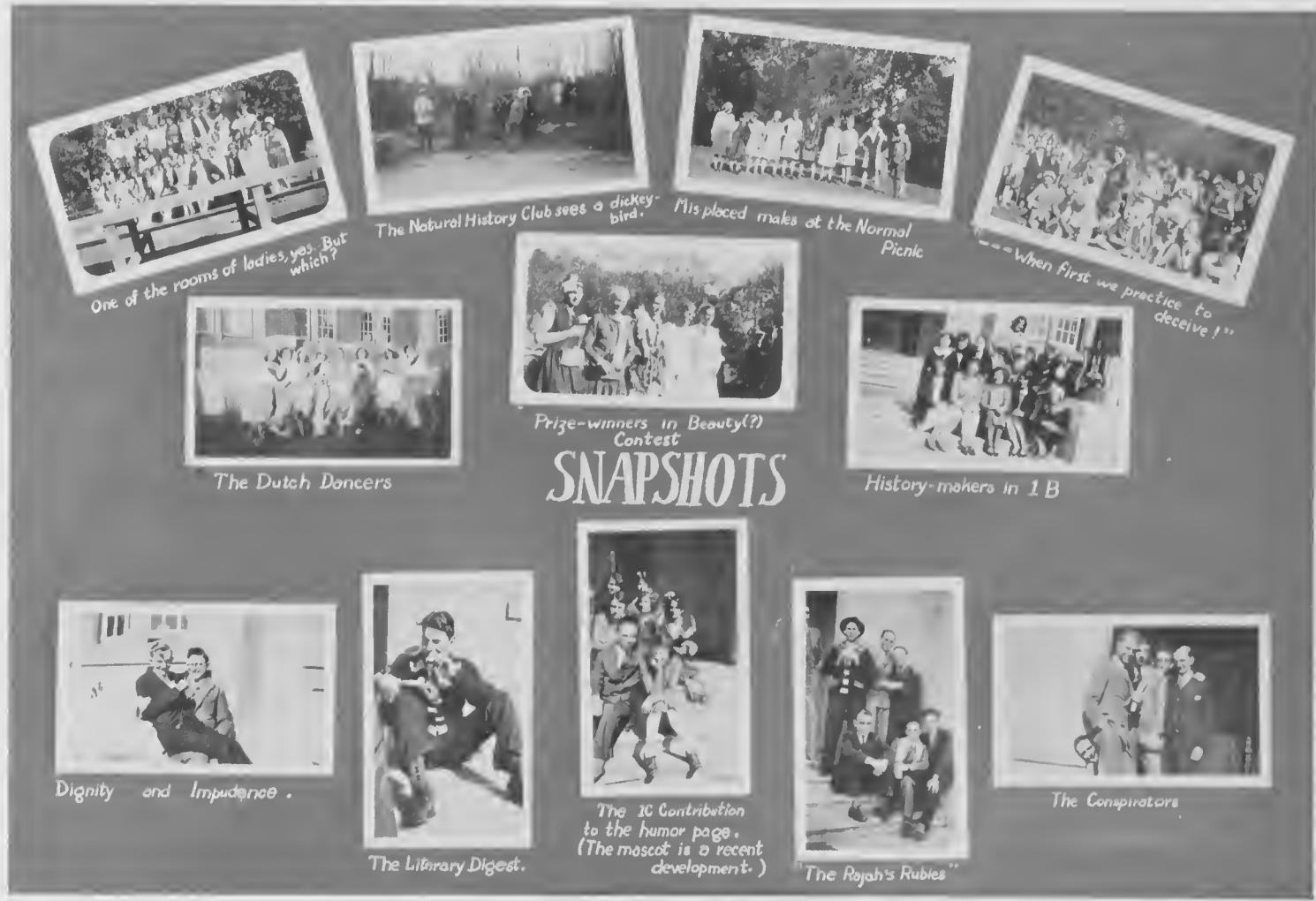
MARTHA OTTO—Medicine Hat.—One of IIC's perennially cheerful ones. Never depressed, she can brighten the gloomiest prospect. If you're blue, go to Martha and she'll show you how to see the world through rose colored glasses.

INA PEERS—Acadia Valley.—

Ina is her name;
Nice and quiet girl;
A little late at times—but
Perk, polite, and pretty.
Everything in place,
Enjoying life immensely
Repeating everlastinglly
"Strike me pink!"

KATHLEEN PESCOD—Calgary.—Kathleen's manner of speaking is a constant delight to her companions and her behavior is a constant delight to the Instructors.

ALICE ROBINSON—Cowley.—Alice's chief characteristic is her reserved nature but her quietness is sometimes deceiving. Her chief occupation is hunting bargains. Her main interest is to find a short-cut for homework.



BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IIC

NONA ROSE—Redeliff.—Comes from the glass town but you can't see through Nona for her thoughts are of the Intelligencia. She's the "kind heart" of IIC and always ready to help a friend. She was the magistrate in IIC's first Literary Programme.

BARBARA SCHRAM—Richdale.—She is very good natured and pleasant. She is a sleep thief and often feels the consequences. Particularly interested in Art, and hates Psychology.

KATHLEEN SMITH—Calgary.—IIC's blue-eyed Saxon. She may not be little, she may not be big, but oh how she can cartwheel, to say nothing about standing on her head.

ELIZABETH STEVENSON—Calgary.—Betty is the girl of IIC with that dangerous twinkle in her eyes. Betty has the indescribable power of making you feel that you never know whether she is "kidding" or not, and it causes many exasperated "Oh, Betty's." She is IIC's star basketball player.

GLADYS TEBB—Airdrie.—Is very fair, so quiet we hardly know she's there, but out of class we must admit she's surely full of fun and wit.

Favorite saying:—"I could be better if I would
But it's awfully lonesome being good."

FLORENCE WAINWRIGHT—Milo.—This IIC lassie is very studious and proudly flaunts her 80's and 90's in the faces of the rest of the class. With Isobel, she ably upholds the honor of IIC in debating. But then Flo' loves to argue. Strange to say, she likes Psychology, but oh, how she hates Music!

Her customary wail is—"But whatcha going to do, if you can't sing?"

GOLDEN WEIR—Parkland.—Golden's delightful Irish brogue has won the favor of Mr. Loueks, and that is something for which we all yearn. Just ask her for a scientific definition of the significance and location of the diaphragm and she will be ready to drive all the snakes out of Ireland. That's Golden!

CLASS IID.

PATRICIA BALDWIN—Carmangay.—Pat is quiet but makes her presence felt in the class for she is always near and ready to lend a hand.

LENA BARIO—Lethbridge.—She is shy but never makes a nuisance of herself, a virtue in this place and an uncommon one. She has only been heard to laugh out loud once—usually she is smiling secretly as at some private joke.

GRACE BIGELOW—Calgary.—A maiden of our century yet most meek—surely an innovation amongst teachers. Makes a really brilliant remark every two months with unfailing regularity.

PHYLLIS BIRDSON—Gleichen.—Miss Prim in a fashion of speaking is placidly good natured. Once she really laughed out loud. Her main worry is to keep her room-mate in the straight and narrow.

ROSE BLAIR—Lethbridge.—Very like a rose. Mary Genge's mainstay in the mere detail of Art assignments. She says her main ambition is to teach in the Peace River District or at any rate in the far North.

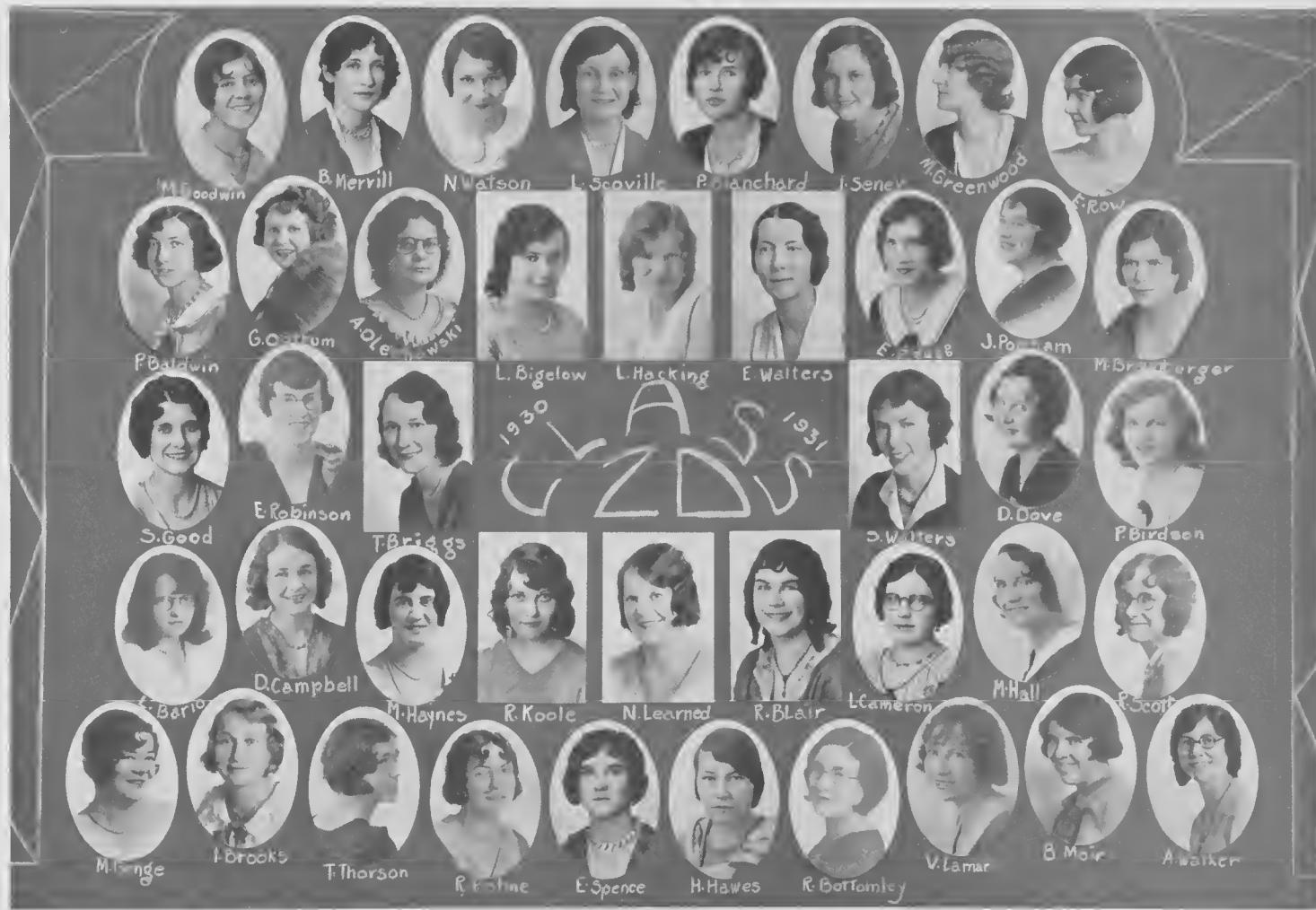
PAULINE BLANCHARD—Coaldale.—"Oh blest with temper whose unclouded ray can make tomorrow cheerful as today." May be described as an unobtrusive happy soul.

RETTA BOHNE—Glenwoodville.—To sit at the front of the class usually means that the person has ability and ambition. Retta does not find it hard to live up to these qualifications.

ROBERTA BOTTOMLEY—Midnapore.—Splendid about getting school tickets for Normalites—all and sundry. Has an ambition to get a bigger cone than Shiela. Bert doesn't make much noise but she'll bear watching.

MYRTLE BRAUNBERGER—Calgary.—If we were all as quiet as Myrtle people might not know much about us, but Myrtle's actions speak louder than words and her classmates of IID know her as cheerful, ambitious and helpful.

THELMA BRIGGS—Blackie.—She is usually cheerful but insists on worrying and wondering what Psychology is all about. Sarcastically murmurs, "You here again?" when Helen squeezes past in 314.



BIOGRAPHIES CLASS IID.

J. IVA BROOKS—Pincher Creek.—Disturbs the Literature class with a quiet “present.” Radiates a dignified aloofness toward the back of the room when she hears a muffled “Beep! Beep!” Jennie has travelled a great deal we hear.

LESLEY CAMERON—Bowden.—Dark but not particularly quiet. Although she comes from Bowden, we understand that she has a marked preference for Calgary.

DOROTHY CAMPBELL—Burdett.—You should see her in a Mother Goose costume with a white wig topping her fresh young face. Certainly the Mother Goose expression is not marked. The wig makes her look like a Marquise of the old French Court. She is very sincere and studious.

DOROTHEA DOVE—Sunnynook.—Her disposition has been affected by the name of the place she comes from for Dorothea always has a cheerful expression if not a grin. Plays basketball energetically and gasps the while.
Favorite saying—“I’m surely going to do my homework tonight.”

MARY GENGE—Bircham.—You have probably seen Mary pelting down the basketball floor and watched everyone clear the track as she comes. Discretion is the better part of valor but Mary doesn’t care, she means business. Still her wide-eyed look of wonder belies her businesslike manner sometimes. Mary upholds the wrong side of the suffrage question with long eulogies of the place of woman in the home, though her heart is not in it.

STELLA GOOD—Lethbridge.—As Miss Bright the school teacher she was marvellous—her brightness is more marked than her school-teacheriness. The results of her primary methods are wonderful to behold because she has such a sympathetic soul. Always sees the sunny and funny side of life. “One of the good-looking girls from the South.”

MURIEL GOODWIN—Bellevue.—She may be small, petite or what you will but her personality is enormous. She makes us stand up and take notice in P.T. Her commands are snappy after the approved military manner.

MARGERY GREENWOOD—Macleod.—Keeps her wisdom to herself except when you don’t expect it. Has a placid temper and possesses the ability to make all within hearing distance laugh.

LEXIE HACKING—Cardston.—Her drawl obviously tells her origin. Is another blonde, but different, from the sugar country. Would argue all day if she had time.

VENA MAE HALL—Taber.—Has a slow and finally radiant smile. She takes her work seriously and should do well in her teaching.

HELEN HAWES—Calgary.—Molly believes in lecturing everyone on this and that but rarely practices what she preaches so we forgive her. Has a gift for describing people to frenzied biography-writers when they are at their wits’ ends for ideas. Spends much time arguing with Dr. Coffin in Grammar class.

MARIAN HAYNES—Parkland.—Big brown eyes—you’ve seen them—roving hither and yon in search of some new ideas in primary seat-work. A voice like Melba herself but it is wasted in a desert air like this. Looks nifty as the bold Bill, or a little school boy eager to visit Mother-Goose-Land.

RITA KOOLE—Monarch.—Cheerfully quiet—there are so many chatterers around her. Her industry is noticeable even among the many hard (?) workers of the class.

VIOLA LAMAR—Raymond.—Viola is another one who likes a little fun mixed with a lot of work. She hates extremes and hopes eventually to make the Sergeant stop laughing when she is teaching P.T. Angus says, “She comes from the Saowth, I know that.”

NORA LEARNED—Calgary.—Another Titian-haired aspirant for a teacher’s certificate. When she is not playing basketball, she is proving the suitability of her name.

BEATRICE MOIR—Calgary.—B’s sympathy and good nature will help her in her chosen work—primary teaching. We think that B must have laughed a lot in her youth.

JESSIE McLEOD—Okotoks.—She attended Mount Royal where she was a constant worry to the dean. Now she spends her time trying to please the Normal instructors.

AGNES OLECHOWSKI—Winnifred.—Agnes is trying her best to revolutionize the Technical School.

GRETA OSTRUM—Bow Island.—“Tiny” has her work cut out to always have her Psychology done but she never neglects it. Regrets her inability to dance and play at the same time. Her main ambition is to go to Hollywood.

Three boops and a doop!

CLASS IID.

ALYCE POPHAM—Barons.—A good writer of poetry. A more good-natured person could not be found. She is usually quiet but somehow we always know when she is around.

ELEANOR ROBINSON—Gleichen.—“Slats” displays a good deal of sportiveness. Her healthy cackle pronounces her quite a good egg. Weakness—a saxophone.

ELLA ROW—Barons.—Her good nature and quiet disposition are qualities many desire but few possess. However, if we all worked the way she does, there would be a decided improvement in 1931-32 teachers.

ROBERTA SCOTT—Lethbridge.—Roberta is quiet but when one gets to know her, she is very likeable and friendly.

LENORE SCOVILLE—Raymond.—A good sport and is well known as an elocutionist. This small brunette has made her influence felt over the whole building.

ILA SENAY—Blackie.—Broods over the whys and wherefores of history and wonders why it was ever invented. She intends to investigate the street car service. Enjoys saying—“Gee, I’m mad!”

ELIZABETH SPENCE—Cremona.—Commonly known as “Dolly.” IID enjoys her quiet good nature in class and her dashing activity in a basketball game.

DOROTHY THORSON—Winnifred.—Some call her “Studious Dot” but in spite of her scholastic tendencies, she is regarded as a jolly good sport.

ANNIE WALKER—Cayley.—The perfect teacher—kindly smile, dignified manner (except when she is Little-Bo-Peep and even then there is a certain decorum about her) and just a natural gift for imparting knowledge to the young. Was it Mr. Loucks who said that teachers were made not born? Annie has disproved one of his theories.

THE WALTERS, SHEILA and ELEANOR—Clive.—The Twins. Eleanor is the Year Book representative and also the Students’ Union representative. Sheila was class representative to the Students’ Union. They form part of the natural resources of Homeland’s Farm. Sheila wants to be an interior decorator—Eleanor wants to be a teacher.

NONAVEE WATSON—Raymond.—A girl with hidden qualities. Laughs on the slightest provocation.

EMILY ZAUGG—Sterling.—Emily is tall, diligent, and unremitting in her labors and we are certain she will make one of the good teachers from IID class.

GHOSTS AT NORMAL

A Normal student died and met in Heaven his mother who had gone on some years before. Suffering from an attack of ennui one day, he decided to take his mother around the Normal School. The following is the student’s side of the conversation during the trip:

“Well ma, we’ll soon be there now. See that moth-eaten flag; the Normal School is underneath it. It’s sure fine to be able to get there without walking up the hill. . . . Yes, I could have ridden in the street car, but you know how tight the old man was with the cash. Here we are! Let’s go in!”

“There’s the time table—pick some class to start on. . . . All right, that’s room 314—follow me!”

“This is it—there’s Mr. McCalla. . . . Yes, he is rather polite for an Instructor. . . . I believe they are! But then, this class is IID and they are so dumb you can’t tell whether they are asleep or just thinking. . . . Yes it must be. However, he manages to keep the interest up by means of an occasional anecdote. . . . I think he is starting one now—Yes, he is, and I’ve heard it so well go on.”

“Come in here. Mr. Hay is demonstrating how a teacher should dominate the School Boards. . . . What? School Board? And you never will know anything about them—they don’t come up our way. . . . Yes, he does look as if he could manage them. He can—in theory. This isn’t very interesting for you, let’s go on and see one of the lady teachers.”

“This is Miss Fisher. . . . She IS nice. . . . No they simply love it—look at them fighting to spell cat for her. She certainly can string these big fellows along. This class is IA, the cream of the intellect of the school, and look at the hands clicking to answer a Grade I question. . . . There are only a few minutes left to this period, come up to the Gym., and see the IIA boys working!”

“The good-looking man in the front is the Instructor, Sgt. Sutherland. I’m glad he can’t see me, I pegged out without reading the eight chapters of the P.T. book. . . . He’s explaining the sequence of teaching a table. That’s one thing I’ve never forgotten, but what’s the good of knowing it when I haven’t got a body to practise on? Yes—but he’s teaching Physical Training not Grammar. . . . There’s the bell! We’ll take a look around the corridors.”

GHOSTS AT NORMAL—continued.

"Do you see that lady coming up the stairs? She's Madame Ellis-Browne, the Instructress in Music. She's not unpopular, as you would expect, probably because she doesn't try to make students look ridiculous in class—perhaps she thinks they already look ridiculous enough. Also she's very careful not to sing much herself. We should go and hear a Music lesson but it would be a pity to spoil this trip. . . .

"Come on! Hurry! The second bell is ringing and I want to visit Mr. Loucks next. . . . Of course there's no need for us to hurry—I forgot for the moment—the old habit was too strong. Here's a riddle for you: 'Why is that student in the corner seat like us?' . . . Well, we are unnatural, and he is in Mr. Louck's class without his Course of Studies. . . . The Course of Studies, mother, is a sort of jigsaw puzzle issued by the Department of Education and solved by Mr. Loucks in class. . . . No, I can't say that the students don't like him but he's so keen on hard work and you know what students think of that. . . . All right."

"Here's Mr. McKerricher, I used to like him until he subtracted the wrongs from the rights in our tests. That caused me to score less than zero and I had never thought it possible to get so low as that. Most of the students like Mr. McKerricher's periods, but those in the front row hate them—they have to keep awake all the time. . . . Well Citizenship is of no use to us now so we'll make another move."

"This is Miss Dyde. She teaches literature, and I'm sure she gets more out of some pieces of literature than there is in them. If you don't think that possible just listen awhile. . . . She does look gentle and sympathetic, but appearances are deceptive. Ask some of the students who try to get by without working, what they think of that. She likes to build on the experiences of the class; I dread to think of the structure she would erect on IIA's knowledge. I'd like you to stay here for a while but we must hurry along."

"Dr. Sansom is lecturing in here. We'll pay him a visit. I'm sure you'll like him. He's a most enlightening speaker. Come on in. . . . What's the matter? Why did you come out so quickly? . . . Oh no! He wasn't swearing; that was only some foreign language, probably Greek. It was Greek to me anyway. Well if you definitely won't listen to it we'll go somewhere else."

"Here's Mr. Sheane going strong, as usual, on the absurdities, anomalies, irregularities and incongruities of modern Arithmetic. He certainly keeps up to date on current events. When

he comes to join us he'll probably spend his everlasting life reading over the shoulders of library loungers. Any time in the future that you want to find him look for his trade-mark—a patch of chalk on the back of his coat. . . . No this isn't the last but we shan't be very long. Come down to the hall for a few moments."

"Here's someone to revive your flagging interest—the celebrated Mr. Hutton. . . . Yes, he's teaching Art, but he has to remind the students that they have Art I or they might forget what they are doing. . . . No, 'kicking a dog in the ribs' hasn't much to do with Art but that's where Mr. Hutton scores—he's original. . . . You are right, he is in his proper place;—on the stage, and to think that we once paid ten bob to hear Harry Lauder. . . . That's done it! He is starting on the color scheme of the hall—we'll move on."

"This is Miss Mitchell—we shall not stop long here—it will be all about flesh and blood and bones, things which we are not interested in now. I have to thank her for my being where I am. She told us that stimulants were good things to take when we were weak and that cold baths were beneficial to our bodies. I was feeling weak one night and took some stimulants, then I jumped in to the Bow River—and here I am. The next Instructor will be the last."

"This is he, Mr. Scott, the Geography Instructor. He also looks after the Practice teaching and that's where the students fall out with him occasionally. By occasionally, I mean the times when they have to get up at six-thirty, travel about seven miles into the country and return with a 'Fairly Good' criticism. . . . I said that this would be the last Instructor but really the greatest is yet to come. This way please, into the office."

"Allow me to present Dr. Coffin, the monarch of the residents in this noble edifice. He doesn't rule his kingdom with a rod of iron, that would be apt to break. He rules it with a rod of well tempered steel instead, that might bend, but if it bends too far it will spring and the Doctor will not be the one who is hurt. Besides controlling the school, he lectures on Psychology and Grammar and what he does not actually put into the students he makes them take in themselves. . . . I see he is looking up the record of one of the old students—there's something familiar about it too—I think we had better go, it's getting late. Come or we'll miss the music festival."

"Well you've seen it. What do you think of it? . . . You can't understand how I got here after spending six months there? Compensation, I expect."

REG. TURNER.



BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIE.**

NELLIE ANDRUS—Hillspring.—Her frequent bursts of amazing eloquence punctuate a life filled with such interests as oral reading and poetry.

MARGARET CARRUTHERS—Grassy Lake.—Perhaps some day Margaret will be able to entirely repress that amused giggle of hers, but at present it will break out in spite of her. With such a sense of humor she should never be bored, and since she claims that she will teach until she becomes bored with such a life, we expect her to be a long time at the game, for game she will make it.

LUCILLE CHRISTOFFERSEN—Milo.—A blonde with large blue eyes, and reported serious. We don't believe it. Nothing sweeter, neater, or completer, than to meet her in the moonlight alone.

HILDA COOMBS—Raymond.—As sunny as the south from which she came. Hilda has taken a large part in the affairs of IIE as secretary-treasurer and any other duties that we impose upon her. We'll wager that she lived near the sugar factory else how did she get that way?

CATHERINE DALE—Cessford.—The term "good worker" covers a large number of desirable qualities, but we feel this expression to be inadequate when we speak of Catherine. She claims that she is of a nervous temperament, but her stoical attitude belies her words. Maybe she has conditioned her nervous reflex.

RUBY DAVIES—Claresholm.—"Still waters run deep." A jewel as her name indicates. A joke must indeed be a joke before Ruby will deign to break her customary serious calm, and smile. Rare, as jewels usually are, since she actually takes Normal seriously.

ANN EMBREE—Medicine Hat.—An authority on how Medicine Hat got the way it is. She should have done something to stop it. Ann is president of IIE and is always ready to try anything twice. You may see her at any game getting wildly excited. Has a preference for dark and fair men.

MARY EVANO—Tod Creek.—Mary has all the "ear-marks" of a psychologist. She needs must try out every new theory in that subject upon her fellow classmates, much to their disgust. To Mary, every little tease has a meaning of its own. How will she ever scold the little beggars who put tacks on her chair?

JESSIE FERGUSON—Calgary.—We like Jessie, even if she is the kind of girl who "doesn't know a single thing" before a test and makes high marks on it. She responds with amazing alacrity to the commonplace (but characteristic) greeting, "Well, folks." She has nice blonde hair, but likes dark, untidy hair.

TREVA GIBB—Raymond.—"Like twilight, too, her dusky hair." We used to wonder what authors meant when they gave their heroines "a languid grace." Now we know. From her poised calm she looks pityingly down upon rushing, hurrying mortals, as though she were not of this world. We suspect her interests to be elsewhere.

LOUISE GRAHAM—Taber.—Her dignity will command respect from even hardened 14-year-old youth, and her capability will subdue the worst miscreants. Her school-room will be a sort of Utopian one, where physical punishment will never be known. She will probably publish a book on Correct School Management one day.

HELEN GRISACK—Coalhurst.—The original "Picture of a Thinker." Every question and every answer receives full and deliberate consideration before this oracle "opens her ruby lips to give it utterance."

BERYL HACKLER—Wayne.—A Beryl of great price, since this young lady actually goes about at noon hours looking for a quiet place to study.

RUTH HALL—Vernon.—"The Maid of the Mountains." Once upon a time there was a little girl who liked fairy stories and poetry. It was Ruth. When she begins to laugh the infection spreads until the whole room is beyond control. Is generally conceded to be "a trouper and a good pal."

MARGARET HARDY—Calgary.—Home-grown, so much may be said in her favor. If silence were converted into the gold it is supposed to be, Margaret could retire now. Picture Study and Psychology are her favorite pastimes when she withdraws from the madding crowd.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS III.

MABEL HOLE—**Medicine Hat.**—Illustrates the law of readiness. Mabel is ready for anything, even work, it is whispered. However, she specializes in fun, wherein her wit and originality are best shown.

DORIS LARMOUR—**Crossfield.**—Doris, how could you? But her smile is friendly and reassuring, so why worry? One of these days Doris will ask a tender mite the same question. So look out Doris.

ANNIE LUTHER—**Cardston.**—Small and sedate and very dark, yet full of fun and rascality. At least, Mary E. says so. She worries a lot over imagined assignments. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

EMMA MALMBERG—**Vauxhall.**—Choose your own topic! Emma is quite willing and able to discuss any subject you care to mention, a sort of walking encyclopaedia. It should help considerably when she is teaching, which she intends to do, always.

BERNICE MARSH—**Wayne.**—Bernice stops playing tricks upon her friends only long enough to gaze dreamily at the Rockies, or to enthuse over hockey, basketball and other sports. Then her neighbors begin to suffer again.

LOUISE MARTIN—**Enchant.**—Louise is always so quiet that we scarcely know she is in the classroom, except when Mr. Loucks questions her. Often she is still quiet, but we look around and see her there.

NANCY MARTIN—**Redcliff.**—Nancy is one of the sports of IIE, especially in baseball. She is tall and dark and very fond of giving P.T. (?)

ROSE MARTIN—**Arrowwood.**—Rose shines in everything, especially Nature Study and Basketball. She has merry brown eyes and will be able to hold her own in topics concerning crop rotation.

MARJORIE METHERAL—**Crossfield.**—If you see a girl with—
A pleasant smile,
Dimples,
A hatred for Art, and
A weakness for Mr. Hutton.
It's Marjorie.

MARY MacLEOD—**Medicine Hat.**—IIE's Sergeant. You dare't walk out of step even on the way to school with Mary. We suspect her of burning the midnight oil memorizing the syllabus.

MINNIE MacLEOD—**Gem.**—The originator of the IIE giggle. We never get over that feeling of surprise that we first felt when hearing speeches of such wit and power coming from one so small.

MAISIE MCPHEAT—**Lethbridge.**—Maisie is another blonde of IIE. She is neither quiet nor dull, and dearly enjoys expressing her own opinions. She confesses hatred for doggerel verse but otherwise a liking for poetry. She will argue for hours on any subject introduced.

VELMA NALDER—**Raymond.**—Another Southern Miss who persists in calling a "cow" a "caow." She should know better. She attended an Agricultural College. She has been voted a superlative housekeeper by those with whom she has been "baching." They are indeed lucky who have her for a room-mate for not only does she sing but plays the piano as well.

FLORA RENNIE—**Enchant.**—It must be depressing to be Scotch from the heart out and be continually described as a sweet Irish colleen. Out west, they would call her "pint size" but here she has been called "tiny and vivacious."

MARGARET ROBERTS—**Orion.**—Margaret has no business being quiet for so long and then startling us with a brilliant remark. Funny, but she doesn't introduce those occasional witticisms into Music class.

DOROTHY ROBERTSON—**Calgary.**—Dorothy spreads sunshine during the week as a Normal student and on Sunday as a demure Sunday-school teacher. We advise her to assume a greater dignity and do up her hair on the opening day of school, else she will be mistaken for the "new kid."

HELEN ROSE—**Medicine Hat.**—Helen wil' tell you quantities of things in the most confidential manner, looking so serious withal that you really are impressed. "Hm-m-m," says Helen, "I can see that," and she meant she can hear it because it's music.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIE.**

EILEEN STANLEY—Luscar.—The doctor made a mistake and vaccinated Eileen with a gramophone needle. She can talk on more subjects in less time than any one in IIE. At first we weren't sure whether she went to Normal or to Tech, but we saw her asleep one day in a lecture and so knew she belonged to Normal. Refuses to disclose her first name. It may be Silencia.

LOIS STEEVES—Olds.—Our idea of what the perfect private secretary should be since she was the perfect secretary. She works silently and we often feel that she laughs silently—at us.

VERENA STUTZ—Cardston.—Her wit is like a jack-in-the-box. It springs out as much to her surprise as to ours and the Instructors'.

CECELIA THOMPSON—Coaldale.—Tommy must be satisfied. She's that kind. We refer to boarding-houses and chairs that have no rungs for foot rests. She's tiny but has a full voice and it's a treat to hear her say "Present."

HANNAH TOONE—Claresholm.—Hannah is IIE's basketball champion but her long raven black locks never get mussed. If there were more basketball centres like her, there would be more basketball. And if there were more basketball teams in town, she would be on them. We feel sorry for Claresholm since she left.

FRANCES TRICK—Carstairs.—Normal had a Trick played on it last Fall when Frances came to town. She is indeed an optimist—she comes each day expecting us to have our A.T.A. money and is always disappointed when we unfailingly fail to bring it.

MARY YOUNG—Wayne.—Mary is indeed a helpful little Miss. She is usually to be found running around to get somewhere on time. At home she rides all the time—a real cow-girl. Has the making of a strong-minded, self-reliant teacher.

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIIF**

GRETA BARTON—Lethbridge.—

Oh, she is so mild and meek,
Even her shoes refuse to squeak.

A dancer par excellence. Did we quote her as being meek—perhaps, but really more demurely decorous than meek.

HESTER BELL—Craigmyle.—

Hester Bell (a good teacher is she)
Expresses her plans for the school that may be.
She'll make the School Board buy small chairs—
To seat the duncees unawares.
Exound her point with fiery looks,
Reading from the Primary books.

HARRIET BOHANNON—Garfield.—Finds a side of Psychology that the rest of us didn't know existed—the funny side. She seems to be able to make the dryest neurones clash in the comic section of her brain.

IRENE BROOKS—Turin.—"A maiden of our century yet most meek." This Brook proved to deep for Mr. Loucks and as a worthy pupil of our Honorary President she excels in Penmanship for which artistic skill we truly envy her.

MILDRED BROOKS—Turin.—Actress, dancer, singer. A woman of many parts, is she not? On dit that the IIA class is much in evidence when Mildred is on the floor at a Normal dance.

BESSIE CARMICHAEL—Naco.—

Once, we called her Minnehaha—
But 'twas only for a season.
Bright and very clever is she
Answering many a staggering question
At which others gasp and ponder. (Without avail).

PEARL CLARK—Burgett.—Is very quiet unless deprived of her foot-rest in each class. Pearl, when not making good marks is asking Bessie to put her books away. Wants to keep all information a secret from the Instructors.



CLASS IIF

VIVIAN CROOK—Brooks.—Believes that silence is golden and has the courage of her convictions. She is really a good sort in spite of her name—after all Little-Bo-Peep of revered fame had one.

DOROTHY DAWSON—Delia.—

For sober things she does not care,
Life to her is wondrous fair,
The lilt of music, dancing feet,
Brave laughter, flowers bright and sweet.

But who could help having a kindly philosophy coming from Hawaii.

KATHERINE DEMOREST—Bindloss.—Wants to be a P.T. Instructor so she can stand around and be very much entertained by the antics of others. Is seen about working feverishly at assignments to be handed in, in short order. Her one serious occupation is composing excuses when coming home latish.

MAISIE DURNFORD—Rocky Mountain House.—"Here comes our Rocky Mountain goat," says Mr. Hutton when the door bangs and in comes Maisie. She is quite as good as the quaint little Dutch boy or as a gallant Highwayman with a bunch of lace at his throat.

PEARL EASTON—High River.—Patient as one can see when she waits for her highwayman lover. We will always remember her plaiting a red love-knot into her long black hair or in the thrilling moment when her finger touched the trigger of the .22 rifle and the fireworks began.

VERNONA FAIRFIELD—Calgary.—Notable for her meekness. We were surprised when she showed great spirit in refusing to answer the roll when called "Fairweather." Her name should have been "Fairchild."

ALICE FREEMAN—Macleod.—That little black haired girl seen around the bulletin board a lot. She pretends to be a hard-boiled red coat and swaggers about in a red sweater in a truly convincing manner. No, we haven't any stamps and envelopes, Alice.

MARGARET GARDINER—Vulcan.—We stare in wonderment and envy at her—for she is very fond of Mathematics. This is indeed a surprise—because we aren't like the professor that Doctor Coffin tells about—we can't even do the lower math. Her smiles frequently stray in the direction of a lad from IA.

MARGARET GRAHAM—Acadia Valley.—

Why hurry little girl,
Into Psychology?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into your shoe
And all forgotten be.
Still she rushes on into the traditional "Heres, theres, and everywheres."

HAZEL GREEN—Wayne.—

She's very little but she's wise.
She's a terror for her size.

Will be remembered for her top hat and tap dancing. One sometimes wonders if she has those 'lily white hands' that Mr. Hutton satirizes so completely.

MARGARET HALSEY—Calgary.—Diogenes with his lantern had nothing on this young lady when she went about hunting for trouble and found a highwayman. We are sure she will nobly carry the light of knowledge to places dark with ignorance.

MARY HAMMOND—Pincher Creek.—Very sedate and views the capers of infants with a patient tolerance. That doesn't mean that she isn't a good sport—we have seen her throw off her dignity on occasions—in the Dutch dance. Rumor has it that Mary is intellectual.

ROMA HAYNES—Parkland.—Have you ever seen her without a smile? Rather not. Tall, blonde, and graceful. Plays basketball on all possible occasions, simply overwhelming any one that tries to jump against her.

MAE HENKER—Granum.—Given to reciting. Her vivacity is only equalled by her wit and charm. We Normalites are not alone in our appreciation of her. A certain member of the Tech. thinks that at least one member of the Normal is not so bad.

TRYPHENA HILL—Granum.—A headful of fun. Triffie is always worrying about her ringlets which seem alright to us. Yet she worries. She is the ideal country school teacher—pretty, bright, peppy, and the kids all love her.

IRENE HOFFMAN—Delia.—Quiet, calm, cool. There is a collection of adjectives for biography writers and they all apply to Irene. Does her homework every night. Now fancy that. It's the way to pass, but it's so unusual.

MARGARET JELL—Granum.—A diminutive thing that trips up and down the halls. Has a gift for tinting the photographs of many Normalites and taking away that look common to all Normal students. Her Art work is one of the few specimens that soothes Mr. Hutton's savage breast.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS IIF

MELVINA JENSEN—Aetna.—Made a dashing and swash-buckling debut once, as a red sweatcared red coat. You should see her drink cold tea and look as if she enjoyed it—that is in itself an art. A broad and hearty grin is mostly seen on her face.

RACHEL LOW—Cardston.—A stately young woman with honey-colored hair. She has charge of the class exchequer (when there is one) and in the intervals she is our pianist. Her theories in Hygiene amaze and delight Miss Mitchell.

ELIZABETH MEHRER—Hilda.—Beth came from the South to seek a fortune and a name for herself, but she does not want that name to be "Liz."

DORIS MILESON—Calgary.—Reminds one at times of a certain picture of an Italian Madonna, at others of a gypsy girl. Charming, winning ways. Coaxes beautiful melodies out of her violin to delight Mr. Hay's ears and of course our own insignificant auricular appendages.

HAZEL McALISTER—Claresholm.—A dark Spanish beauty with the proud bearing bequeathed by generations of hidalgo ancestry, or so the bachelor dreamt. In reality she is a sweet Scotch lassie "pretty to walk with, witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think upon."

MARIE McFADDEN—Delia.—Unlike Hazel she admits she is Scotch and insists on wearing kilts. There is a pleasant Scottish lilt in her laugh, too. Her voice is ever soft and low—which while an excellent thing in woman doesn't penetrate to all parts of the classroom.

OLIVE MacKINNON—Calgary.—A fervent devotee of basketball. You've seen her kewpie-like face in the Gym. She looks upon the world with a mild surprise. Her reading is remarkable for speed and accuracy. Mr. Loucks beheld the wonders of the effect of deep breathing in P.T. for the first time.

MARGARET NELSON—Claresholm.—Beautiful but quiet. The kind of a girl the tired business man would like to have pouring tea for him of an evening. We doubt if she'll remain teaching long.

ANNA OSTROM—Carseland.—Her initials are A.M. That's a good sign.—May you never be late Margaret. When she leaves Normal we hope she will not be too happy that Psychology is no more. We notice that the puzzlement on her face is more and more marked each day.

MARGARET PARKS—Retlaw.—Illustrates the three W's; wee, witty, and wise. A small girl with big ambitions and, if we know Margaret, these same ambitions will be realized.

LETA ROE—Vulcan.—Tells stories beautifully, with just the right touch of pathos to draw our sympathy, or gives them a whimsical twist that provokes many a satisfied chuckle. Another artiste that Mr. Hay approves of without reservation.

GRACE SCHILL—New Dayton.—Her one hope is to find a Psychology question that will keep Dr. Sansom going for a whole period—eliminating a test of course—not. No Normalite ever does that sort of thing. Frequently during the day one may hear this—"Who has some ink?"

FRANCES SMITH—Lundbreck.—Is obsessed with the notion that her pal Greta will fail to get to her school on time, and once there will surely forget to bring back the assignments.

HELEN STENBACH—Rocky Mountain House.—"A merry heart doeth good like medicine." Yes, but it isn't of the bitter kind and one doesn't mind taking it. She never hurries, never worries, which probably accounts for the aura of happiness about her.

LEONORE STICKLE—Calgary.—Locks pityingly at all those with flighty souls and flippant tongues. Stickle is all for being practical and has that rare or non-existent thing—Uncommon sense—Mr. Loucks or no Mr. Loucks, we insist that she has it.

TERESA SUTTON—Retlaw.—She's the kind of a girl that men don't forget—particularly bachelors. It didn't take the Normalites long to wake up to her abilities. She was IIF's representative to the Council for the first term.

RENA SWEET—High River.—She may be petite, and able to sink out of sight but it doesn't seem to do any good—Madame Ellis-Browne finds her anyway. And need we say anything about living up to names—Rena believes in keeping up a reputation.

MARTHA THOMAS—Cardston.—President of the class and a most efficient one. A spirit of kindly fun prevails wherever Martha is. When we saw her in the nurse's costume, we were sure that she had mistaken her vocation. Why don't they have white uniforms for teachers?

THE TEACHER'S ENIGMA

The little school set out that day its usual routine.
 The pupils spied with saddened eyes, the teacher's troubled mien.
 The prayer begun so soon is done, the exercise begins,
 The threatening pointer on the board clicks woe to him who sins.
 Grade Eights take out Arithmetics. Do questions A to D.
 And don't forget your dollar signs, apply the rule of three.
 Now Sibbald, have you naught to do but pulling cloeks apart?
 Just take your pencil, rule and ink and have a swing at Art.
 Betsy is a dear today, her Number Work all right.
 She'll pack her books before the rest, and leave early home tonight.
 The chattering whispers from the back the teacher's nerves would
 ruin:
 Grade Ones take out your reading books, and turn to "Mr. Bruin."
 King's English teacher she must guard, but like the knights of old,
 Instead of conjugating verbs, would frighten pupils cold.
 The teacher shrieks, her hands dash out in echoes of despair,
 "I simply cannot hear myself, it simply is not fair."
 Simon, from the corner come, and mop your sobbing face.
 Such a student in a room is simply a disgrace.
 Kindergarten to the front, your Primers in your hand,
 And show the other girls and boys that you at least can stand.
 Grade Six take your writing Books, and write the letters all,
 And cross your t's and dot your i's and do not simply serawl.
 Grade Eights take your Geographies, Grade Sevens your Histories.
 The products you'll list down, a score, from Chile and Peru.
 Turn up your Written Homework to cheek when you are through.
 What products come from Borneo, from Sarawak and Nee?
 Write down a dozen animals from which we get the fleece.
 I'll not expect, when I come round, and question you, to find
 The reigns of William, Henry and King John are behind.
 With maddening sweep her glances pierce like arrows one and all.
 Sam, correct that foolish mess of yours from the map there on
 the wall.

John, tone down your voice a little, the poet's thoughts reveal,
 I'll not have you reading like a creaking, rusty wheel.
 Don't sit there like a statue, that work you'll just repeat.
 You cannot solve that question while putting foot for feet.
 Lily spell your words correctly; don't be such a pest.
 Matilda, in your Memory Work, show just a little zest.
 When do you say, "I shall," "I will." What part of speech
 is "They"?

Don't sit there sucking pencil tips. Don't look with such dismay.
 The teacher's noisy reprimands, dinned in the school that day.
 The children vexed knew not what best, to work or cry or play.
 At last the gladdening sunshine sank back behind the hill;
 The teacher in an empty room, sat sore, and tired, and still.
 Through tangled hair, thwart harried look, a lingering sunbeam
 east,

To warn her once, before too late, the folly of her past.
 Next day the scene had totally changed. You wouldn't know
 the room.

The pupils in their places sat, with poised pen and rule.
 Industrious, kindly little boys had piled the stove with fuel.
 With beaming face and kindly word, the teacher greeted all;
 So changed in all appearances, as Princess from a thrall.
 —A joyful word, a little praise, a sympathetic look,
 Avails so much more, after all, than knowledge from a book.

JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS.

Harry Mowat (giving class P.T.)—After demonstration and explanation, "Now we will have an execution."

Mr. McCalla—"What is a suitable cleaning crop?"
 1A Student—"Broom grass is very effective."

"LACRIMAE RERUM"

"Did you ever laugh till you cried?" asked Billy's aunt graciously.

"Why yes, Aunt Maria, only this morning. Teacher sat on a taek and I laughed. She saw me laughing and I cried."

Tubby (at art display)—"Oh, isn't it nice!"
 Mickey—"Don't say 'nice.' It's such a nasty word."
 Tubby—"Don't say 'nasty.' It's not a nice word."

ESSAY ON EARS

"He who hath ears to hear, and eyes to see"

But some ears have been made, not to hear, solely, but to see as well. They are the comedians of the physiognomy, having disguised themselves as useful organs. It could not be otherwise, for Mother Nature could not help creating those happy harlequins—ears.

I used to be fascinated by the ears of an individual in front of me. Such changeable things they were, viewed from various angles. From the back, the appendages presented an alert and impish set, slightly augmented in braggadocio by the outboard leaning of one of them. This latter, I always imagined to be the more aggressive of the twins. A timid feeling was invariably present in me when a side view was presented. The overpowering scrutiny of the warped ear was really difficult to endure without dropping one's eyes. Somehow or other a leer seemed to come out on that one, on those days when I wore a clean collar. Such unnecessary correctness afforded much ribald merriment to the untidy ear.

When their owner swallowed, these ears had a wonderful time. A tidal wave swept up the neck, and surged around the ears, hoisting them gleefully, dropping them thrillingly, and the receding wave left them flushed and excited.

To me, some ears are corpulent and jolly. They seem to procure endless chuckles from everything coming their way. Others are long and ascetic, and give a fair imitation of a presiding undertaker. There are thin, alert ears, constantly attentive. Flabby, phlegmatic ears are strikingly reminiscent of satisfied shopkeepers on a warm June evening.

Sometimes ears attempt disguises. There are two ears I know of, who hide their alertness by leaning back nonchalantly on the head. Another pair, meek but ambitious, have grown a luxuriant set of whiskers which protrude magnificently, and afford an effective swash-buckling air.

Ears, as character builders, have not been given very much thought, yet such they are. If he had not been forced to wash his ears, where would Lincoln be in history? If not ears, what was it that developed his will-power? We might even say that the career of this great man was prepared for by the ear-marks of his youth.

What can we do about ears?—Nothing.

In public we are impolite if we speak about them.

Then thank heaven that ears are comedians, so that we can laugh at them!

M. MacLEAN.



Dr. Sansom has intimated that "school" in the Greek meant leisure. Our students seem to show that this is true.

It was a beautiful morning. A youth stepped briskly up from a world resplendent in sunshine. But on the door-step he looked back wistfully. He sighed, "Isn't this wonderful?"

Voice from within: "No, this is Normal."

IS THIS A GAME?

Dorcas Magrath (skipping around a circle in P.T.)—"Has anyone seen my sheik?"

Some Normalites use dumb-bells to get color in their cheeks. Others use color in their cheeks to get dumb-bells.

Mr. Atcheson (having to teach lesson in Lit. Sen.)—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Greta Ostrum—"I'd send out an S.O.S. saying that I was lost."

Stew. MacPherson—"No woman ever made a fool out of me." Frances Palfrey—"Who did then?"

Dick Milton—"My girl has two faults."

Jack James—"You and who else?"

Instructor—"And now I pause to ask myself a question."

Student (from back of room)—"And a very poor answer you'll get."

A DREAM

The Secretary had a bad dream. Here it is.

Someone asked me to write a few minutes for this year book. Mr. Sheane says it takes minutes to make hours. I am firmly convined that it takes hours to make minutes—as bad as these. Let us take a look (free) at one of the meetings of a 1930 Stewed Onion—I mean Students' Union.

It is Friday—fish day. At 2:30 the bell rings. The students assemble in the auditorium. Everybody starts talking—nobody finishes. When they can stand talking no longer they sit down. The air becomes warm. Some of the audience "pass out," on their way in. A cry of "eall the dootor" is raised and then lowered. Some of us detest Normal, but—it is the principle of the thing we like. In he comes. Dear Dootor Coffin.

Once I heard (maybe twice) "Brevity is the soul of wit." Dr. Coffin proved it. He talked a long time—on nothing—except the platform.

Then something happens. The president and the seeretary take their chairs—back—to the front of the hall and stand up to mislead the singing of "O Canada." Miss Ellert plays the piano out.

The audience takes a temporary lease on the chairs. Time passes (sighs)—the only thing that ever does—in Normal. Soon it is pastime for us to hear the minutes. They are read. The audience does not feel blue.

The business is drawn up—and carried off. Somebody makes a motion. "Stay where you are," says the president. The motion tarries. An annouement is made. The president is (dis)cussed it.

So much anti pro the business.
Now the programme:

The lights go out. So does Dr. Coffin. But the "stars" shine. Next day I read about it in the newspaper. Here is what it says:

"'Melancholy Five,' arrested for murder. Five of the Staff including Major Seale, and the rest—murdered in Sharp Flats."

In the Society column:

Miss Roe's reading was wonderful. To recall to mind the sublimity of the eloction, and those vivid impersonations, so touchingly portrayed by the artist, is a task impossible."

We read further:

"Noted debater takes his own life—in his hands. Mr. McClung defeats "Board of Trade" in stirring barrage of thirteen letter words."

"God Save the King" is full of sound and fury signifying nothing except the end of the meeting.

· · · · ·

The landlady hearkens. "Get up," says she.

"I'll come down if I do," says I.

"You've had a nightmare," says she.

You've read it.

LLOYD McDONALD.



Madame Ellis-Browne—"Now tell me the note which represents "doh."

Mr. Duke—"A bank note."

Mr. McK.—"What is the greatest nation in the world?"

Miss King—"Imagi-nation."

Dr. Coffin (to IIF in Grammar)—"I have taught you all I know and you don't know anything yet."

Dr. Coffin—"Daneing is a poor to way to spend your time."

Stella G.—"Why?"

Dr. Coffin—"Too much 'waist' motion."

The A.T.A. representatives are calling, chirping, and elueking among the Normal flock for their Little Half Dollar.



LITERARY

THE PROGRAMS OF THE FIRST TERM

The honors for our first term's programs have gone to the IB girls with their Chinese presentation and their win was a most popular one. Somehow they combined variety with unity in the same entertainment and this achievement, so conspicuously lacking in most other programs, quite won the hearts of our judges. IB will also be remembered for the effective manner in which they maintained the proper atmosphere, unhygienic yet Oriental.

The boys of IA just fell short of IB in their program. While the choice of numbers was irreproachable and unity of program construction well borne out, too few of the class were included.

IIA's most memorable contribution to our enjoyment was the Melancholy Five singing the "Kiss Waltz." To the best of our knowledge, there has been little response to this funereal supplication.

IIC showed good taste in selecting their play, "Spreading the News," but their program was too short, though all of it was well done.

IIF, IIE and IIG each presented music and drama in their programs, pleasant and diverting, but lacking in careful preparation.

IID's program showed variety but at the expense of unity. The zenith of their entertainment was the "Shy Girls' Dance," but it steadily declined reaching its nadir in an unabridged rendition of "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor."

Now we enter the adumbral period of our programs. IC was the first to present a negro entertainment. The presentation was too long and not even the limpid tones of the leading lady could make the audience forget that the afternoon was slowly slipping into the shade of the evening.

Another dialect program was presented by the irrepressibles of IIB, undaunted by the experience of IC and heedless of consequences. When the critic on this occasion had delivered his diatribe, it was evident that each had received his deserts, not excepting the present writer, and the critic looked like a man "who glutted his vengeance and had a few gluts left over."

M. McC.



Mother (to Helen Hagle—preparing for an Art lesson on the drawing of vegetables)—"What are you going to do; make a salad?"

Dorothy Jorgens (drawing)—"What do you think of my potato? Beastly. What?"

C. Pacy (drawling)—"Well, now—I should say it must be a most flirtatious one."

Mr. Loucks (on suffixes)—"Just here it is well to remember that just because darling means a little dear, starling does not mean a little steer."

An honest teacher is one who says, "I don't know," instead of saying, "Look it up for yourself and you'll remember it better."

Luella Davis—"What is wind, children?" No one spoke.
"Come, come," said Luella.

Pupil—"Please, teacher, air in a hurry."

Dr. Coffin (to Mr. Hirst, explaining optical illusions)—"When one spends a month in confinement, for example in jail, the period seems longer than when out enjoying oneself. Is not that your experience, Mr. Hirst?"

BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIIG.**

MURIEL COOK—Magrath.—Though usually quiet, she does get excited upon certain occasions. She "blows in" like a breeze about two minutes to or after 9 o'clock. Ruskin has given us one definition of a good cook, Muriel has given us another.

HILDA HAWTHORNE—Medicine Hat.—She has curly hair and a cheery disposition, and it is rumored that she works! We didn't believe such a combination existed until we met Hilda. She claims that she had nothing to do with the writing of the Hawthorne Fairy Tales.

GRACE HESS—Calgary.—No one with such beautiful eyes should have been given such a nickname as "Jimmie." Perhaps the boyish hair-cut was responsible for this inconsistency, perhaps it was the low voice. At any rate, the latter is the despair of Miss Dyde—"Will you please whisper a little louder?"

HELEN HOGLUND—Granum.—The titian-haired member of IIIG must have lost her temper long before coming to Normal for we've never seen a sign of it yet. One of our quietest members.

FRANCES HOLDITCH—Calgary.—As a girl, a student, a friend, or a good sport you'll search far before you find a better one than Frances. We have often had cause to rejoice in her willingness to help.

MAY HONEYCHURCH—Calgary.—May walks with a dignity which is peculiar to those "moderns" who can do their hair up. It is this same dignity which prevented us from calling her "Honey" for short.

MARY HUBKA—Carmangay.—We should print Mary's name in capital letters. She distinguishes herself by always doing more work than is necessary. Her electric light bill must assume gigantic proportions, say we.

DONALDA KEOBKE—Munson.—One of the artists of IIIG, who keeps the Instructors guessing how to pronounce her name. If you are suddenly struck upon the head with a Yo-Yo when climbing the stairs, it will be Donnie with a borrowed plaything.

MARGARET KING—Delia.—Margaret doesn't believe that gentlemen prefer blondes, and she seems to be justified in entertaining this belief. Although she came into the class late, we like her none the less for that. She is another adept with the Yo-Yo.

ARINA KOOLE—Monarch.—It was not enough that Arina should be a wistful, blue-eyed blonde, but the gods in spirit bestowed an innocent expression upon this lucky girl. She is, to cap all this, a clever lass. There just isn't any justice.

MARGARET LEWIS—Edmonton.—The fact that Margaret left Edmonton for Calgary shows that the girl has discriminating taste. Most girls like to make dates. Margaret likes to study them. (Suspicion, dark and sinister enters here. We fear that the interest is Mr. McKerricher).

HAZEL LIDDLE—Burdett.—When she sings that old hymn, (if she sings it), "Count Your Blessings, Name them One by One," Hazel should count her hair, her smile, her cleverness, her—in short, her personality. Must be seen to be really appreciated.

WINIFRED LOCHTIE—Aeme.—Winnic is responsible for much of the Alberta sunshine lighting IIIG. Pep and originality mixed as well as she mixes them can give off nothing but sunbeams. Besides brightening the corner where she is, she specializes in treading on feet getting into and out of classes. Wonder if she gets a commission at a shoe store in town?

ANGELA LONG—Ogden.—Imagine having to settle down to live up to the name of Angela. But this young lady did. When we suggested that she change it, she said, "It won't be long." She came to Normal in all good faith, and is leaving Normal in all good faith, plus many friends.

ORA LUDTKE—Okotoks.—"A little bit of spice and sweetness." Has dimples and everything that nature intended to be included with dimples. Imagine trying to add more to that!

ALYS MAURER—Clive.—Nice name—Alys. Nice girl, too, except when arousing the girl in front of her with friendly pokes. Specializes in making IIIG sit up, or down, in P.T.

JEAN NEIL—Burdett.—Give this little girl a hand! She is one of Madame Ellis-Browne's favorites. We wish she would disclose whether it is her voice or her personality. It's probably both. We wonder if she sings before breakfast.



BIOGRAPHIES**CLASS IIG.**

JEAN OBER—Coaldale.—We hate to use this old adage, that "good things are done up in small parcels," but what can we do when it is so obviously true in Jean's case?

GRACE OSTROM—Carseland.—Do you experience any difficulty with words of Swedish origin and pronunciation? If so, you may get Grace's address from Miss Fisher. She could earn her living by helping poor students thus, and by disclosing the secret of her success in getting Art assignments done.

MONA PRIESTLEY—Lethbridge.—No relation of J. B. Priestley, but a good companion, nevertheless. IIG insisted that Mona be class president for the second term, so what more need be said?

DOROTHY PROVERBS—Calgary.—One of the "Three Musketeers," the proverbial one, we expect. Quiet and petite, she is seen everyday with Leslie and Ethel. She is the singer of the beloved rogues. Interested in Nature Study and has a real flair for Art.

ETHEL RICHARDSON—Bowden.—The Ethel of the above biography. Small and dark with a wind-blown bob. She may be the third Musketeer—mus-ket-eer by 9 o'clock.

ANNIE ROSS—Harmattan.—"And she's your friend today. She'll ever be." If the Normal ever puts on a play, "The Helping Hand," Annie should be given the leading part. She is always ready and willing to help those who wisely approach her in time of need. Naturally, she's quiet and clever.

BERNA RUSSELL—Lethbridge.—A good reason for young men going south this summer. Yes, she is the sister of that tall good-looking boy, the hero in the play. Are there any more at home like them? She feels that Dr. Coffin's remarks concerning those who have gained since coming to Normal are unkind. So do we. We think that she secretly plans to reduce, but we hope not. We wouldn't have her any different if we could.

MARGIT SAHLEN—Turin.—She of the sunny smile. Another who brightens a corner of IIG. Hobnobs with a Starr.

ELVA SHARP—Kathryn.—Elva lives up to her name—is always sharp, and at the same time always natural. This sharpness is shown in her ability to answer questions put by all Instructors, a thing certainly worthy of renown. The life-saver of IIG, in that she provides ink for most of the class.

ALICE SHIER—Cayley.—Mr. Hutton himself wasn't any better when he was her age. (We trust that this refers to artistic ability). Although really small, we know that she will be a good teacher.

MILDRED SIM—Hanna.—A back-seat driver—she drives the back of the room distracted with her wit. Girls have spent many sleepless nights trying to acquire a soft drawling voice similar to hers.

EILEENE SMITH—Bindloss.—Printer, kindly note the "e". This is often neglected, much to Eileene's disgust. One curly-head who behaves well. Explanation, she sits in a front seat.

NINA STARR—Barons.—She shone on the other side of the 49th parallel, she shines in Normal, and she will shine in teaching. The original twinkling Starr, as you can see. Her chief interests are hockey, ukeleles and saxophones.

MOLLY STEWART—Delia.—

"None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

"You'll find Molly, when not making friends, making a wild dash for the Cafeteria."

ELDA TABACCHI—Hardieville.—Elda developed a charming personality in spite of the hardy town from which she came. Perhaps it was responsible for her interest in sports—men's sports. We wish we knew when and when not to believe her.

ETHEL TEIGHTMEYER—Simon Valley.—If the little red school houses are all taken before Ethel decides she wants to teach, she can always get a job demonstrating endurance dancing. She is capable and strong minded, as has been demonstrated by her success in resisting entreaties and in holding assignments until permission has been given to distribute them.

BIOGRAPHIES

CLASS II.G.

MARGARET THOMSON—Namaka.—

"She's wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself."

Her fairness is shown in the blondness of her hair and the equanimity of her temper.

HILDRED VANCIL—Arrowwood.—One of the clever girls of II.G. And her activities are not confined to books alone. She plays basketball and likes Mr. Sheane.

MYRTLE WHALEY—Hanna.—"Rudeness is not in her, nor any offensee." Probably beeause she sits near the front beneath the eagle eye of Instruetors. She always seems to be smiling—probably that is one reason why she has so many friends.

GARNETE WRIGHT—Iron Springs.—"What other possession is comparable to a good friend?" Until one gets to know Garnete, one feels that she is reserved, but after the barrier is broken down she is one of the stauncest of friends.

ETHEL YOUNG—Drumheller.—Ethel's smiling blue eyes so entranced Mr. Loueks that he moved her from the back of the room to the front. Ethel is an enthusiastic member of the Debating Society. Her low deliberate method of speaking is effective in frustrating the arguments of her opponents.



JOKES

Madame Ellis-Browne—"What time did you write this in?"

McLeod—"It was between periods."



Mr. Hutton—"Now, if I want to darken a room, I use these colors."

Ryan—"Oh, pull down the blinds."

JOKES

Dr. Coffin—"Have you any real questions to ask?"

Mark McC.—"I don't know if this is real or not but you asked me to remind you of a mental set."

Eureka! Transfer of training is extant. Gilbert Hirst, our bridge fiend, has been critized in Practice Teaching for his shuffling mannerisms.

Robber—"Your money or your life!"

Student—"Take my life. I'll be needing the money to pay baek the loan."

Student—"Miss Currie, can you tell me the names of any of these weed specimens?"

Miss Currie—"Really, I never studied Botany. The rest of the staff are Normal graduates but I am not a Normal person."

Mr. McK.—"Why has Great Britain become partially socialistic?"

Eileen Stanley—"Beeause her citizens believe in the commonwealth."

Kenneth Russell—"Where can I get some material on Sir Galahad?"

Mr. McK.—"Ten (K)Nights in a Bar Room."

Green—"Did you hear the Rug Song?"

J. Berg—"No."

Green—"Well they say you can't beat it."

Marj. I.—"My lesson plan is not good. I only have the method planned."

Eilcen—"Oh that's all right. The erite will soon tell you what the matter is."

Oviatt—"Did you hear the Onion Song?"

Duke—"No, what is it?"

Oviatt—"I'm daneing with Tears in My Eyes."

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THE RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER

It is a Rural School Teacher
 And she stoppeth one of three
 "By thy worried face, and frantic eye
 Now wherefore stopps't thou me?"

The Normal's doors are open wide
 And I must be thereín;
 The bell has rung, the door is shut,
 Mays't hear there is no din.

She holds her up her toil-worn hand
 "There was a chance," quoth she,
 "Hold off! unhand me, crazy loon!"
 Eftsoons her hand drops she.

She holds her with her frantic eye—
 The Normalite stood still,
 And listens like a three year's child,
 The Teacher hath her will.

The Normalite sat on a stone
 She cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on the experienced one,
 The Rural School Teacher.

"The chance was mine, all paths were cleared.
 Yet lazily I did climb
 Up the road, and up the hill
 To get to school on time.

Gayer and gayer every day,
 Till over the hill at noon—"
 The Normalite here beat her breast,
 For she heard a cheery tune.

The Normalite here beats her breast
 Yet she cannot choose but hear,
 And thus spake on the experienced one,
 The Rural School Teacher.

THE RURAL SCHOOL TEACHER—continued

Now practice-teaching came, and it
Was tedious and long.
It told with its painstaking care
That gaiety was wrong.

Around, around with each sweet sound
I joined in all the fun.
Assignments then were due in class—
I slipped them one by one.

And soon I had a little school
It wasn't far from here.
And ruling it has made my hair
Thus steely grey and seer.

Seatwork needed everywhere,
My very soul did shrink;
Seatwork needed everywhere,
Nor any time to think.

With sloping back and dripping brow,
As who pursued with yell and blow—
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
I plied the task, work fell more fast
Away from it I fled.

The work was here, the work was there,
The work was all around;
It heaped and filed, and packed and piled
Like one gigantic mound.

Day after day, night after night,
I stuck at work and motion,
As hard-worked as a navy man
Upon an angry ocean.

There passed a weary time, my back
Was arched, and glazed my eye.
A weary time! A weary time!
How glazed my weary eye!
When looking far I there beheld
A something in the sky."

"I fear thee, Rural School Teacher,
I fear thy skinny hand.
And thou art old, and thin, and worn,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy frantic eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."
"Fear not, fear not, thou Normalite,
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the wide prairie,
And never a soul took pity on
My mental agony.

This speck, a mist, a shape I wist
And still it neared and neared,
As if it feared some frightful thing,
It hid and dodged and veered.

Experience alongside came,
She helped me in a trice.
The task is done, "We've won, we've won,"
Quoth she and whistles thrice.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Experience the praise be given,
That sent the gentle peace from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
To thee—thou Normalite;
He teacheth best who worketh best
Each morning, noon and night."

She went like one who hath been stunned,
In through the Normal door,
A sadder and a wiser girl
She stepped that honoured floor.

—M. C.

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THE VALUE OF NORMAL AS A VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

To one who has taught before, a Normal training means increased stimulation and a re-awakening and quickening of interest. To the majority of students, to whom the profession, from the teaching standpoint, is entirely new, the full realization of the value of the course will probably come after the school has been left altogether. Work, both extensive and intensive, outside activities, and play, give one little opportunity for meditation on what the course really means.

One of the greatest values of the course is a training in self-reliance, a quality essential in a teacher, and during the nine months, it is developed to the full. High School students expect to be coaxed, led, or driven to do their work. Teachers-in-training are given an assignment and, in many cases, left to their own devices to work it out. The habit of spoon feeding is discarded and greater thought and decision are encouraged. We consider this to be essentially beneficial.

The term vocational school implies a training for a profession. Practical suggestions and demonstrations help a great deal. We have experienced real appreciation of and gratitude for the work of the instructor who begins, "Now you are all Grade III's" and proceeds to carry out the lesson in the specific way in which it should be taught to a Grade III class. Actual demonstration in this manner means more than the mastery of many books of theory.

To make the training more complete, theoretical discussion and demonstration are followed by the practical application of the principles learned. Actual lessons are taught before very real classes and the criticisms are exceptionally valuable. Mistakes, once realized, may be eliminated and kindly instructors prove helpful in eradicating many blunders. Students, in their disappointment at an apparent failure, often say harsh words

Makers of Engravings in the Normal School Year Book
for 1931

The Value of Normal as a Vocational School—continued

about the critics but the value of their sympathetic advice is evinced by the marked improvement in the work.

The Normal as a vocational School provides a thorough training in all phases of the new life into which the teacher will enter. Not only are the students given a thorough knowledge of the subject matter, that they may be well qualified to teach it to others, but they are given practical suggestions as to school management and the maintenance of discipline, they are trained that they may perform the business side of their work competently, they receive much valuable information as to possible sources of material, books, magazines and papers—all the tools by the use of which they may become more efficient, and, as the teacher must be a leader of sport, they receive a training in group games and outdoor activities.

Teaching is a serious undertaking involving great responsibility. We have only to picture what it would mean to the boys and girls in this province, were our young men and women to go out into the schools without this training, to realize the value of Normal as a Vocational School.

MARION ROBB.



JOKES

One day Mr. Gordon was sitting tranquilly in the street car. A Normalite strolled up complacently and requested him to give his seat to two ladies.

Although we are subject to such minor diseases as Infantile Paralysis in the Normal ranks, the worst yet is high blonde pressure, "Mark" you.

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THE VISIT TO FAIRY LAND

Mary had been sent to bed in disgrace. She had forgotten to clean her teeth in the morning, Mother had noticed that her hair had not been combed before breakfast, and Teacher had had to speak to her about not having a clean handkerchief. So Mary was unhappy. Jane was unhappy, too. She was always unhappy when Mary was. Mary was her sister, her twin. That means that their birthdays were on the very same day. So when Mary went to bed early for being naughty, Jane went to bed early, to keep her company.

Now, on this particular night, Mary was awakened by voices in her room. She and Jane had the nicest little room, with two little dressers in it, two little book-cases, two little desks, and two little closets for toys. Jane's side of the room was always neat and tidy, but Mary's—well, Mary's wasn't. Mary never could find anything because she never put it back in its place.

Mary heard a silvery, sweet voice saying, "But Jane, our Queen is going away for a while, and we want you to come to rule over us. All the fairies have watched you every day, and we feel you are the only mortal whom we would want to be Queen." (Mortals, you know, are human beings, people like you and me.) But Jane, kind, thoughtful Jane said wistfully, (that means that she did want to go); "But Mary—I couldn't leave Mary." Mary held her breath. Oh! if the fairies would only want her to go along. She had longed and longed to visit Fairy Land. Then the fairy spoke again. "We have watched Mary, too," she said slowly, "but we can find no place in Fairy Land that she will fit." "In our land," she explained, "there is a place for everything and everyone, and we have no room for girls who are untidy about their habits. Why, Mary sat up reading the other night long after Mother told her to go to bed! That is disobedience, and we cannot have disobedience in Fairy Land. Not only that, but if she does that again often, she will soon be blind or have to get glasses. We cannot spoil the happiness of our lovely land with poor blind people stumbling about unable to



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THE VISIT TO FAIRY LAND—continued

see the queer, beautiful sights. And did you ever see a fairy with glasses?" The fairy laughed a scornful laugh.

Jane said, "No," in a perfectly miserable voice. Yet she would not go to rule these delightful, happy little people unless her sister could go too. You may imagine how unhappy Mary was, since she was not able to visit Fairy Land herself, and was keeping her dear sister Jane from being their Queen till their own Queen came back. So she spoke up, "Please take Jane with you. I will stay at home. She must not miss such wonderful sights just because of me."

The fairy jumped when Mary spoke so suddenly, (though I really think that she knew Mary was listening all the time), then said, "Well, Jane, if you will not come without Mary, she may come along, but she must be very, very quiet, and do just what she's told. Come along," and she took each girl by the hand and sailed out of the window.

As quick as a wink Jane was seated on a throne with a glittering tiny crown upon her head, and beautiful garments green as the grass and embroidered with flowers and dewdrops that looked just like diamonds. Mary just sat by in her night-dress and felt horribly out of place, and wished that she had combed her hair, and cleaned her teeth, and had taken a clean hankie each day.

"We are just in time for the morning drill," explained the fairy who had whisked the girls here so quickly. And what do you think that they saw? On long benches that were made with blades of grass resting on pebbles were little wash-basins. Do you know what they were? They were little buttercups with their stems broken off at the flower. Such pretty yellow basins they made, all in rows! And in marched the little fairies smiling cheerily, (for it is a rule in Fairy Land that you must smile before washing, before talking, before eating, before working, and before sleeping again at night), and over their arms were flung tiny towels of all different colors, the petals of many different

THE VISIT TO FAIRY LAND—continued

flowers. They splashed themselves with dew, tousled each other's hair and laughed till the room rang like music of myriads of tiny bells. (Myriads, you know, means very, very many). Mary felt ashamed of herself. Somehow, she had never thought that cheery little fairies would have to wash, just as she did, but they seemed to like it. "Tomorrow," she said, "I am going to smile when I am washing."

Did you ever see a fairy's tooth-brush? Oh, but they are tiny! Out they came next, and after that little combs and brushes straightened the tangled hair. Now the fairies looked like the fresh creatures who went about visiting good girls and boys, and who did good so merrily all day long.

"We are never cross nor sick," explained the guide fairy to the twins. "On sunshiny days we dance and play in glades and in flowers, and every night we go to bed early. We would not let a cross or sick fairy stay here, for they only make others unhappy, and when they do as they are told and only drink the sort of nectar from the right sort of flower, they cannot help but be healthy and happy."

Mary thought of the times that she would not eat what Mother had told her was good for her, and suddenly wanted to be healthy and happy as the fairies were. She wanted to get home to begin all over again, to wash and comb and keep herself clean as cheerily as the little fairy folk.

Next morning Mary wakened early, for she had been to bed early the night before, you remember. Mother was surprised at her neatness when she came down to breakfast. And she was more surprised when Mary asked for porridge. When she was getting her clean handkerchief from its box, she said to her mother, "Did you know, Mother, that fairies have handkerchiefs of lace made from silver cobwebs? And they take clean ones every day, just as we do, or else they are put out of the Happy Fairy Land."

And you may be sure that the next time the fairy visited Mary in a dream, she asked her to be Queen of the fairies for a while.

—K. McDougall, IB.

**THE RESULT OF GETTING TWO STATIONS
AT ONCE**

Hips firm, place one cup of milk on your head, knees bend. Inhale quickly one half teaspoon of red pepper and at the same time swing the arms sideways and downwards with a slap and mash two boiled eggs. Repeat six times. Wiggle the toes and thoroughly mix the contents of the bowl. With a jump squeeze the juice from an orange or a lemon. Breathe naturally and sift the contents into a bowl. Lower the legs and mix well. When nicely browned remove from the oven and rub briskly with a rough towel. Dress in warm clothes and serve in individual dishes, garnished with cress.

C. T. (1A).



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